



# The Grail

MARCH, 1932

*Webbed Fingers*

U. S. ALLEN

*Bible Land in Modern Times*

C. DAVIDSON

*Letters to Barbara*

CONSTANCE EDGERTON

*A Forerunner of Lenin*

E. M. ALMEDINGEN

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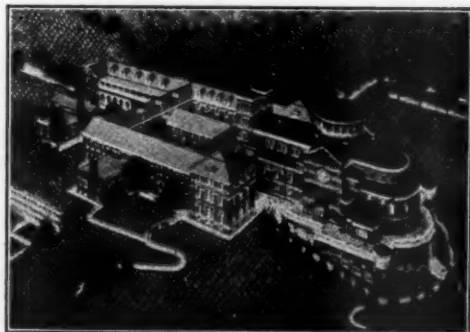
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# The Grail

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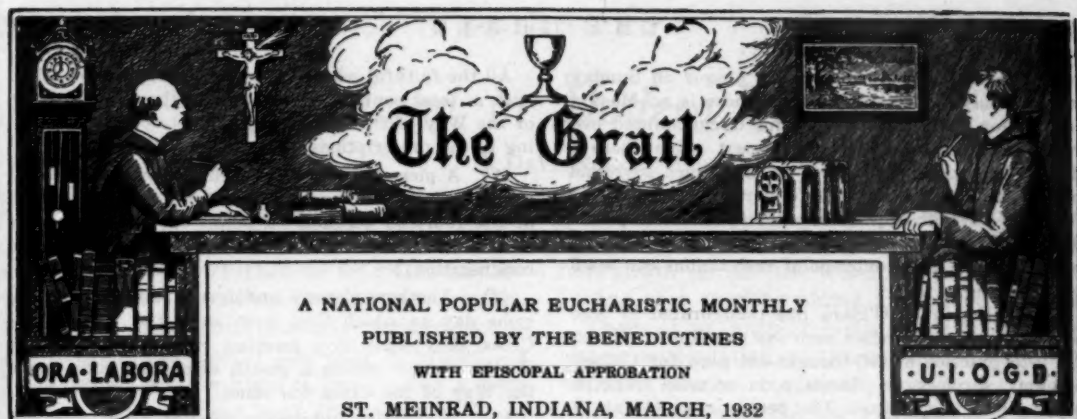
## *Good Friday*

EDITH TATUM

The garden lay in darkness where He stood;  
Upon Him fell the shadow of the rood.  
The anguish of all time was in the gaze  
He bent on crowds who hastened on their ways.  
Their babble reached the ears that keenly heard  
The whispers of their minds.

“Oh, I preferred  
To sing on Easter Day,” cried one, “but no,  
The choir master would not have it so!”....  
“My Easter dress is pink,” another said,  
“I had intended wearing blue instead.”....  
“A hundred lilies for the church, a bower....”

He bowed His head. “These would not watch one hour!  
Ah, foolish ones, and blind of heart!” He cried,  
“There would be no Easter had I not died!”



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

### *Happy Easter!*

A green Christmas and a white Easter is an ancient saying. We had the green Christmas, and Easter falls early enough (March 27) to prove the truth of the proverb, but we shall "drink tea" and bide our time. If the characteristics of the present winter remain true to form, a green Easter is due.

But, whether Easter be white or green, we wish our readers all the joys of the happy season.

### *St. Benedict's Day*

The feast of St. Benedict, which ordinarily falls on March 21, and that of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, which should occur on the 25th of the same month, must both be transferred this year until the second week in the Easter season. The *totes-quoties* plenary indulgence which can be gained for each visit to a Benedictine church on the feast of the founder of the Order (beginning at noon the day previous and continuing till midnight of the feast itself) has likewise been transferred to April 5.

### *The Apostolate of the Press*

One phase of Catholic Action is carried out by the apostolate of the press. As the Catholic paper and Catholic periodical are a perpetual mission, those who with a right intention are engaged in the apostolate of the press in spreading Catholic literature are truly apostles of the Word of God. In this life we shall never know how great a quantity of the Divine Seed scattered through the printed word fell on good soil and yielded abundant fruit.

The chance reading of an article, paper, book that fell accidentally, as it were, into the hands of a non-Catholic has been the seed of many a conversion. The frequent reading of Catholic papers given them by Catholic neighbors or friends has been, like the star that led the Magi to the crib, a beacon light to many a one. The spirit of many who are weak in their faith may be kept alive, and even fanned into a flame by the

reading of wholesome Catholic literature. By the same means devout persons grow in the love of God.

The importance of Catholic literature cannot be overestimated. It is of untold value in spreading the true faith and in preserving it. Catholic literature is the fuel that keeps the sacred flame aglow. This impresses upon us the importance of spreading Catholic literature wherever we may. Never throw away or destroy a Catholic paper or magazine. When you have read your paper, hand it over, or mail it to someone else. There are few that cannot practice this phase of Catholic action. Those who adopt the custom of spreading Catholic literature by any means soever can say with St. Paul: "*I have planted (the good seed of the Divine Word), Apollo watered, but God gave the increase.*" (1 Cor. 3:6.)

Various Catholic societies as well as individuals are engaged in this meritorious work of distributing Catholic literature. The Catholic Truth Society of Brooklyn, for instance, remails to all parts of the world Catholic papers, magazines, and other literature. Out in Los Angeles, to name only one individual, Mr. David Daze has for some years been supplying prisons and other institutions with Catholic literature. Last year he thus distributed 15,000 pounds. The Catholic chaplain at Folsom informed Mr. Daze that there were eighty converts to the Faith during the past year and that each was brought into contact with the chaplain through the reading of this Catholic literature.

### *Keeping the Faith on the Missions*

Throughout the country there are many small missions with churches which, because of the scarcity of priests, can have Mass only once a month or even less frequently. The few Catholics who attend these mission churches live with their families in non-Catholic surroundings. Their children, who must of necessity attend the public schools, grow up in an atmosphere of indifference. This may be offset to a great extent in those families in which Catholic practices are kept up such as morning and evening prayers, table prayers, the learning of a lesson in Christian doctrine every

week, spending a while in private prayer on Sundays and holy days of obligation when there is no Mass at the mission. But, how many thus circumstanced ever think of God and their duty except when there is Mass. The young, who grow up amid such surroundings, quite naturally take life partners from among their non-Catholic acquaintances with whom they have always associated. While there are some remarkable exceptions, the usual outcome of such unions can readily be foreseen.

Bishop Edwin V. O'Hara has inaugurated in Montana a movement to offset such sad conditions. He has put into practice a well-thought-out plan for Catholic religious services on Sundays in mission churches where there is no Mass. The people assemble at the church every Sunday for devotions, which include the rosary; a man is appointed to read the epistle and the gospel together with printed explanations thereof. A study club is usually conducted with some phase of religion considered.

We have known of similar assemblies especially during Lent when the congregation gathered at the church on Friday nights for the Way of the Cross, and on Sundays, beside other devotions, the children were instructed in Christian doctrine.

There can be no doubt that Bishop O'Hara's plan is excellent and, if properly carried out, will keep the Catholics of those missions united and firm in their faith. A great distance from church and Catholic influence, negligence in the performance of prayer, lack of spiritual reading, constant contact with a world that is indifferent towards religion and God, if not openly hostile, evil companionship, and other unfavorable influences form a strong partnership that dulls the appreciation for religion and causes the loss of innumerable souls. Let's have concerted action in our efforts to preserve the faith in the small missions.

### *New Indulgences for the Way of the Cross*

Dear to the heart of every devout Christian is the pious exercise of the Way of the Cross, which, by its fourteen pictures or figures in relief, as now usually found in our churches, places before the mind for consideration fourteen phases of the sufferings and the death of the Good Shepherd, who gave His life for His sheep.

In times past the Holy See attached many great indulgences to this pious exercise of the Way of the Cross. In the course of time, however, some of the documents that authenticated these indulgences were lost so that it was no longer possible to draw up a complete list with any degree of accuracy. In fact, because of this uncertainty, the Holy See had forbidden that any such list be drawn up.

To put an end to all uncertainty and to remove all doubt for the future concerning these indulgences, our Holy Father, Pius XI, on July 17, 1931, abrogated all the indulgences heretofore conceded to this pious exercise. Under date of October 20, 1931, there was published at Rome a decree with the following provisions:

All the faithful who, either singly or in groups, shall with at least contrite heart perform the pious exercise of the Way of the Cross, (legitimately erected according to the prescriptions of the Holy See), may gain:

(1) A plenary indulgence each and every time they complete fully this exercise (that is, make the round of the fourteen Stations—a priest or other officiating minister usually makes the round for the assembled congregation);

(2) Another plenary indulgence also if, on the same day on which they have made the Way of the Cross, they shall have received Holy Communion, or if they receive within a month after they have made the Way of the Cross ten times.

(3) A partial indulgence of ten years and ten quarantines for each Station, if, after having begun the exercise, for any reasonable cause they are unable to go through it to the end.

#### FOR SUCH AS CANNOT VISIT THE STATIONS

The sick, prisoners, those who are on a journey by land or by sea, those who live at a considerable distance, or for whom it is impracticable to get to church; in a word, all who are legitimately prevented from visiting the Stations can gain all the indulgences enumerated above, provided they

#### CONDITIONS FOR GAINING THESE INDULGENCES

(1) Hold in the hand a crucifix blessed with the indulgences of the Stations, and

(2) Recite twenty *Our Fathers*, *Hail Marys*, and *Glory be to the Father*, that is, one each for the fourteen Stations, besides five in honor of the Five Wounds of Our Divine Savior, and adding one for the intentions of the Holy Father.

NOTE:—If one begins this devotion with a crucifix which is blessed with the indulgences of the Stations, and is interrupted so that he cannot for any reasonable cause finish the devotion, he gains for each *Our Father*, *Hail Mary*, and *Glory be to the Father* he has recited a partial indulgence of ten years and ten quarantines.

#### FOR THE SICK ONLY

If by the nature of one's illness he is unable to say even an ejaculatory prayer, but can only kiss the crucifix to which is attached the indulgences of the Stations, or can only look upon it, he is not prevented from gaining a plenary indulgence.

### *Easter Joys*

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

Easter Joys! our heart beats faster

As we see the risen Master

Standing at our heart's low door.

Then, the bars and bolts undoing,

"Enter, Lord," we greet Him, wooing,

"Rest within me evermore."



## *Bible Land in Modern Times*

C. DAVIDSON

THE love and appreciation of that great book,—the Bible,—is almost inborn in every individual, whether he be religiously inclined or not. For there is a strange fascination about that great literary masterpiece,—the greatest the world has ever produced,—a "best seller" of the highest rank,—and a comforting and inspiring book to those who know how to extract its deep religious significance.

In order to appreciate the land that made this Book possible one must visit Palestine; not seeing it as tourists usually do, travelling from Dan to Ber-Sheba in three days, but lingering long enough to feel some of the spirit of the Land—long enough at least to get the viewpoint of those who were responsible for the inspired writings of the Holy Book.

Palestine is a land conducive to meditation. Nowhere is the sky so blue or the atmosphere so clear, or the foliage in so great variety and so green, or the wild flowers in springtime so profuse. If one sits at the top of the Mount of Olives at sunset and gazes at the purple hills of Moab, wherefrom Moses viewed the Promised Land,—with the Dead Sea and the Jordan at the foot of these mountains,—all a distance of some forty miles away, one can well imagine that those who had time to sit and meditate might see God "face to face."

When the Psalmist wrote, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem so is the word of the Lord round about His people," he showed that his inmost feelings were stirred by the simple grandeur of this beautiful range, although, according to our idea of mountains, they were hardly more than hills. Nevertheless there is something subtly fascinating about the way they wind themselves about the little city. Taking Jerusalem as the pivot of the Land, no matter in which direction one turns, history unfolds itself before the eyes, for many are the historic landmarks that have stood the test of time. The Bible is the best guide to the Holy Land.

From the time of Abraham almost every event mentioned in the Bible has left its imprint in some tangible form. Some of the

places shown may be merely legendary, but on the whole they are authentic, and one reads new meanings into the words of the Bible after having seen various places mentioned therein.

There is an ancient-looking oak tree standing on an elevation on the outskirts of Hebron which is pointed out as the tree under which Abraham received the three angels, and in Hebron itself there is a mosque which has been built over the graves of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. It is the same piece of land that Abraham refused to take as a gift from Ephron the Hittite, because he wanted this "Cave of Machpelah," wherein to bury his wife Sarah, to remain a possession for his people, and he insisted on paying for it. How well this was heeded may be deduced from the fact that now none but Moslems are permitted to enter the mosque to visit the graves of the Patriarchs.

The Dead Sea, near which Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt, still casts its baneful influence on the country round about, and for miles one witnesses the great salt mounds on which no living thing can exist. Not far from the Dead Sea flows the famous River Jordan bordering the fertile Jericho. While it is almost unbearably hot after the rainy season, it is almost like an oasis in the desert after the barren region around the Dead Sea. The narrow passage of the Jordan River, which the Israelites forded on their way to the Promised Land, may still be crossed by the venturesome who have no fear of the swift-flowing stream.

At Nablus (the ancient Shechem) Joseph, the favorite son of Jacob, is buried. It will be remembered that he enjoined his sons not to leave his bones lie in Egypt among strange people. It is the irony of fate that, after he was carried all that way, in order that he might lie among his own people, now his body rests under a typical Arab mausoleum. In addition, the population of Shechem is most inimical to the Jews because of the ancient grudge that city bears them for the deceit practiced on them by Joseph's brethren, as told in the

Bible, when their sister Dinah was violated.

On the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is the grave of Rachel, Joseph's mother, which is housed in a large mausoleum. Although it is reached by a hot, dusty, unsheltered road, the Jews make a monthly pilgrimage on foot to visit it and pray.

On the top of Mount Carmel, overlooking the "modern" city of Haifa, the altar whereon the conflict took place between Elijah and the prophets of Baal is still shown. The view from this spot is one of the most commanding in all Palestine, with the Mediterranean Sea stretching along the shore as far as the eye can reach.

The city of Jerusalem teems with Biblical history. The most startling structure is the Mosque of Omar, as it is popularly called, or as the Moslems call it, "The Dome of the Rock," because it is built around a tremendous rock that has a varied history. The Jews claim it is the rock on which Abraham was about to sacrifice his son Isaac when God intervened and sent a ram instead. They also say it is the rock on which the sacrifices connected with the Temple of Solomon were made, for it is an established fact that the mosque was built on the site of the temple. The Mohammedans claim that this is the rock from which Mohammed flew to heaven, even showing an indentation where he stood.

One can sense the gorgeousness of Solomon's temple when this comparatively modern mosque, which everyone admits could not begin to compare with it in grandeur, is a structure of such beauty, that it is reputed to be one of the most fascinating buildings in the world. The dome, which can be seen from a great distance, is made up of tiles of variegated blues, such shadings that haunt one for a long time after seeing them. The whole area is a choice spot and is kept in excellent condition.

Just below the elevation on which the mosque stands is the Wailing Wall over which there has been recently so much controversy. It is not the purpose of this article to go into politics but the proximity of the wall to the mosque is such that if either religious body were looking for trouble that would be the place to find it. The aspect of the wall is most interesting. It is about 100 feet high, built of huge blocks of stone about two by three feet

thick. Here and there mosses and lichens creep out between the crevices. There is a continuous stream daily of pious Jews coming there to pray and it is towards this wall that Jews all over the world turn when they pray, feeling at one with those who weep and wail there every day.

Close by is the Valley of Hinnom on the other side of which stands the interesting and well-preserved tomb of Absalom, the son of David whom the Bible quotes as saying, "Absalom, my son, would that I had died in thy stead."

The cave where the Prophet Jeremiah was imprisoned is a large dank enclosure just outside the Old City of Jerusalem, which is given over entirely to bats and spiders. It is guarded by a bunch of dirty, repulsive Arabs, who demand "Baksheesh," holding out their hands for an entrance fee.

The cave of Zedekiah, from whence he escaped from Jerusalem to Jericho through an underground passage, is still open to those who have the temerity to make the journey. By the light of the candle that each visitor must carry one can see the skeletons of both men and beasts bespeaking a history that no man knows.

The foregoing are some of the high lights of Old Testament history, but there is hardly a stone in the neighborhood of Jerusalem but what has some bearing on Biblical history.

The life of Jesus, as related in the New Testament, is most fascinating when one reads it as one travels over the various places where He spent His short but most eventful life.

Bethlehem, where He was born, nestles among the hills of Judaea, and is still the same quiet little town as it probably was in His days. Shepherds still tend their sheep, natives still shamble along on their donkeys, and the women of that place still wear the peculiar headdress and garb which singles them out as the proud inhabitants of Bethlehem.

The Church of the Nativity, which has been built over the Manger, now forms a bone of contention for the many Christian denominations that have developed from the teachings of Him who declared that "all men are brothers." Each of these denominations has its own niche in the Church, which is jealously guard-

ed. Fanaticism is often a menace to peace within its walls. The Manger is hung with numerous lamps suspended from a low ceiling and the walls are surrounded with votive offerings. The spot where Jesus was born is marked by a large brass star.

The Old City of Jerusalem is surrounded by an ancient wall, which, although it has had many breaches made into its thick recesses, is nevertheless in an almost perfect state of preservation due to the fact that each conqueror seemed to consider it his duty to preserve the wall intact. In consequence, various stages of history may be read into the masonry by the initiated, since each rebuilders used the type of stone popular in his time. This wall around the city contains many gates which are still used to this day, except one, THE GOLDEN GATE, through which Jesus is supposed to have entered the city. This gate is sealed, and according to tradition will reopen of itself on the Day of Resurrection.

The Via Dolorosa is the same winding road through the Old City that it was when Jesus bore the Cross, the only change being that at the various Stations churches have been built designating the places where Jesus halted.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is near the main entrance to the Old City. The Greek Church there holds sway and with unusual pomp and ceremony continues to exert its power over its adherents. Yet there is a possibility that Jesus was not buried here at all, for in the light of recent excavations there is now a doubt.

Gethsemane is one of the loveliest garden spots in the land. It is situated on an elevation outside of the City and its beautiful stately evergreens can be seen a long way off.

Tiberias, beautiful Tiberias, where so many miracles were performed, neglected as it is today, is still enchanting. Here the fishermen still cast their nets and ply the Sea of Galilee in ancient-looking boats that might be relics of the year one. No description can do justice to the deep blue of the Sea of Galilee. As one descends from Nazareth on the steep slope which extends from several hundred feet above sea level to several hundred below, it appears as if a streak of sky had suddenly fallen to earth. There is little at Tiberias now to in-

dicade the city it was in ancient times. Even the Old Wall around the city in contrast to the one at Jerusalem is in a dilapidated state, left that way from an earthquake that occurred several hundred years ago. Along the water's edge there is practically nothing except at the further end, which is called Capernaum, where a monastery has been built to protect an old synagogue where Jesus is supposed to have preached. The grounds are kept in an immaculate condition by the monks, and the stately palms render it an oasis in that otherwise hot, dusty locality.

At Nazareth, Mary's Well is still in use and shepherdesses still come with pitchers on their heads to draw water. Joseph's carpenter shop or perhaps one just like it, is pointed out to tourists. The town is one of the best preserved cities in the land. It is a quiet, dignified little place, perfectly spotless,—a marked contrast from the near-by Nablus, which is as filthy as an Arab town can be.

So one might ramble on endlessly, for almost every stone one treads in Palestine bespeaks history,—there literally one finds "sermons in stones." The gnarled olive trees that have stood the test of time, the snow capped peaks of Hermon, the Cedars of Lebanon, all have a tale to tell of days when wise men lived who had time to meditate, who had the ability and the will to lead a righteous life, who could practice what they preached, who lived frugally,—not "by bread alone," and who were less concerned with what came into their mouths than what came out of it.

### *The White Dove of the Desert*

(Continued from page 493)

happy, peaceful village, the Papagoes make obeisance to the sound of the old bell, the pean of the White Dove of the Desert.

### *Mater Dolorosa*

KATE AYERS ROBERT

Much joy hast thou known,  
But, Oh, Mother of Sorrows,  
How thy heart has ached!  
From exile to Calvary  
How it bled and bled and bled!



## Flowers of Saint Patrick

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

TRADITION tells us that St. Patrick, the saintly Apostle of Ireland was kinsman of St. Martin, the holy Bishop of Tours, and, hearing of the virtue and learning flourishing in that wonderful monastery—Majus Monasterium—on the Loire side, Patrick resolved to seek his cousin, that sitting humbly at the Bishop's feet, he might drink in the essence of his piety.

St. Patrick sailed to Bordeaux, and thence journeyed to Poitiers, and, coming onward, crossed the Loire, floating on his cloak—so runs the legend—a few leagues westwards of Tours. But on his way he felt very weary, and laid himself down to rest under a blackthorn tree.

It was midwinter; the ground was covered with snow; the tree was, of course, leafless. But while Patrick slept the tree blossomed and was covered with exquisite white flowers, and they effectually sheltered the sleeping saint from the cold and bitter wind, so that his slumber was pleasant and undisturbed.

From that remote period until the present day that tree blossoms in the severest midwinter. Towards the end of December, the "Flowers of Saint Patrick" reappear, rejoicing the eyes of all men. If you are a sceptic, and inclined to doubt the truth of the story, you have but to write to the president of the Archaeological Society of Touraine, and he will confirm the fact.

Shortly after, Patrick joined Martin at Marmoutier, near Tours, and together they prayed and worked strenuously for some three or four years. Gradually the informal, unwritten rule of Martin took shape and became more definite. The place became a true Laura, where men lived a combined eremitical and cenobitical life, just as they did in the ancient monasteries in Palestine and Italy.

Martin welcomed all comers; he himself, ably seconded by Patrick, washed the travel-stained feet of the weary wayfarers. He shared with them his simple meal of fruit and vegetables; he gave them wine to drink, though he and his monks rarely tasted aught save

water, and if the passers-by wished to stay and join the fast-growing order, he clothed them in rough camel's hair garments and bade them pray and work, and work and pray.

They seldom left their cells, except to go to the oratory. They had nothing of their own; they worked in the fields and copied and illuminated manuscripts. The older men gave more time to prayer and contemplation; they ate together one meal in the afternoon; they led on earth the life of angels.

Sulpicius Severus refers to them in the following words: "Many of them were of noble birth, and reared in the lap of luxury, but of their own free will they renounced the world and all its pomp, and trained their hearts and minds in the way of patience and humility."

Having lived in this marvellously holy way for about four years, reluctantly but with high hopes of the future, and braced by his sojourn at Marmoutier for his strenuous life work, St. Patrick set forth on his return journey to Ireland.

Many chroniclers, however, relate that he travelled to Ireland via Rome, and was consecrated bishop by a prelate called Amaterix, though some state that Pope Celestine conferred on him the pastoral staff, and it was then he was given the name of Patricius, a name of power, as the Romans affirm, to wit: one who setteth free hostages or bondsmen."

The old chroniclers also relate a very charming incident:

"When the solemn words of consecration were pronounced, the sweet singing of three choirs was heard—namely, the choir of the holy angels in heaven, the choir of the Romans in the church, and the choir of the children from the wood of Focluth by the far-off Western Sea."

They relate that the choirs answered each other, giving glory to God and rejoicing in the great event that gave joy to the Blessed in Heaven and on earth to the Romans and to the Irish, and the strains they sang embodied the

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## The White Dove of the Desert

ALBERTA C. TRIMBLE

ARTISTS and writers, cameramen and tourists, have spread the fame of the old Spanish missions of Southern California; and justly so. But now Arizona, the baby state, is coming into its own. Not only has it the finest climate in the world, it has historical interest too, for Arizona has its own old Spanish missions.

Not the least interesting is that on the Nogales-Tucson highway, forty-nine miles south of Tucson—the picturesque ruins of the Mission San José de Tumacacori. The date of its beginning is lost in history, although authorities estimate its foundation as slightly before that of its more famous brother to the north, the mission of San Xavier del Bac.

Probably about Tumacacori Mission and its vicinity cling more dramatic stories, more traditions of early Arizona than to any other portions of the Southwest; stories of mines operated by the Padres, following the first visits of the early Spanish pioneers, and lost or hidden, at the time of the withdrawal of the Jesuits; tales of attacks on the peaceful Indians by hostile tribes.

Although architecturally it has certain faulty points, it holds a high place among missions; and much can be forgiven when one considers that the only scaffolding the native workmen had was mounds of earth. The construction is one of strength and solidarity. The

lower part, built of sun-baked bricks or blocks, is many feet in thickness, and provides adequate support for the square belfry located at the left of the entrance.

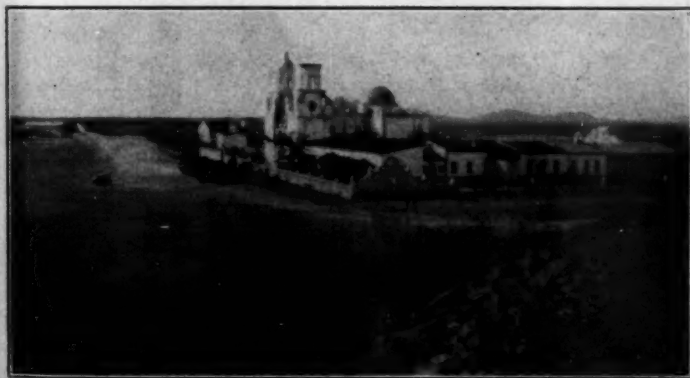
Surrounding the ruined mission, particularly to the left, are indications of a carefully planned agriculture, and of a once luxurious verdure. Even to-day one is amazed at the intelligent system of irrigation which the great fields exhibit.

Life around the mission was one of contentment. The Indians worked in the surrounding fields under the guidance of padres until one night in 1840 when Tumacacori became the object of an Apache attack. Lighted arrows burned the thatched roof, and the mission fell without a struggle. The wooden beams in the belfry still bear the marks of flames.

In spite of the thickness of the adobe walls Tumacacori was rapidly decaying into grim ruins and would have been lost entirely had not the United States Government undertaken to prevent the further ravages of time. The work of restoration is now in progress.

Nine miles out of Tucson is the Indian reservation of San Xavier del Bac. ("Bac" means "where the water oozes from the sands," for although in the springtime the rivers of Arizona may rush turbulently down from the mountains, filling their beds to overflowing, carrying concrete bridges, even if weighed

down with sand bags, in summer they are as devoid of water as the palm of one of one's hand; but near San Xavier del Bac there is always a little water in the river bed through which one's car makes its way over the hard sand.) In this village on the reservation there are modern bobbed-hair flappers, but there are also "redskins" living much as they lived centuries ago. The squaws weave from wild grasses graceful water-tight baskets and stain them with vegetable dyes.



THE WHITE DOVE OF THE DESERT

A mud hut, a tiny plot of ground, innumerable babies, a burro or two, and life is complete. And here, high on an eminence in the desert, gleaming in unforgettable splendor beneath the turquoise sky and sunlight, is "La Paloma Blanca del Desierto"—the White Dove of the Desert. San Xavier del Bac, the "Father of the Missions," is the most perfect type of missions built under Spanish rule. It is the best preserved of the chain built in the desert country by the Franciscan padres, and still serves the people for whose benefit it was erected.

These Spanish padres, fired with religious zeal, tramped across the great Western desert from Mexico and established churches as they progressed. Their missions, soaring heavenward above the little villages that grew up around them, dominated the life of the communities. True to their cause, these brave padres faced disaster, privation and even death to perpetuate the missions and their meaning. The dream of the padres has been realized, and the cause for which they died unknown has been realized.

The Mission dated back to 1539 when the Franciscan Padre Fray Marcus de Niza, the discoverer of Arizona, first visited the Indians. His report induced the Spanish Government to send Coronado at the head of an expedition to conquer this part of the country in the name of Spain and its King.

In 1692, the great Jesuit explorer, Padre Eusebio Kino, paid his first visit to the village Bac, and eight years later he laid the foundations of the first church about a mile to the north of the present site. In 1724 a Jesuit Father made this first mission his permanent residence. From that day until 1767 when the intrigues of their enemies caused the Jesuit Fathers to be driven from all Spanish possessions, these missionaries labored zealously and under great hardships to Christianize the Indians.

The Franciscans entered Arizona a second time in 1768. The man appointed to take over San Xavier was the intrepid Fray

Francisco Garces, than whom the Indians never had a better friend. He travelled hundreds of miles over mountains and desert sands to evangelize the natives. Padre Garces built the first church in Tucson. The ruin may still be seen at the base of Sentinel Peak. At the same time was founded the walled city of Tucson, adjoining the Indian village to the east. Father Garces was martyred by the Yuma Indians in 1781.

It was Padre Garces' successors, the Friars Narciso and Baltasar, who built the San Xavier Mission, a beauty spot of the desert. For fifteen years they labored with the Indians at this tremendous undertaking. The distance from civilization, the crude implements employed by the Indians, the fact that the natives had never seen a structure like this one in their midst, these and other considerations make the erection of San Xavier Mission—the Cathedral of the Papago Indian—a feat which has never been surpassed on our continent.

The work was done under the direction of the two architects, the Guiona Brothers. Almost the first question a visitor asks is, "Why is only one tower completed?" Naturally it is taken for granted that, being so near the Mexican border, a distance of less than sixty miles, the other was shot off during a revolution. Such was not the case. One of the architects died a premature death, and for this reason the tower was left unfinished.

In 1797 "La Paloma Blanca del Desierto" was ready to be dedicated to the service of God.



TUMACACORI MISSION NEAR TUCSON



SAN XAVIER MISSION, TUCSON, ARIZ.

The date, 1797, carved into the sacristy door, may still be seen.

The Franciscan Friars were forced to leave San Xavier in 1828. Epidemics carried off most of the original inhabitants, but they were replaced by their kinsfolk, the Desert Papagoes. The Papago—meaning “baptized”—has never forsaken his beloved mission. The Franciscan Friars returned to San Xavier in 1911.

Unlike Tumacacori which is of adobe, San Xavier Mission is constructed of kiln-baked brick even to the upper floors and roof, including the dome. The walls of solid masonry, are on an average of six feet thick, and throw into black shadow the windows and doors. The absence of wood is surprising. Within the last few years, however, a wooden floor has been laid and wooden pews installed.

In front of the church is the walled atrium where the Indians gathered for meetings not directly connected with the religious service. Originally it was paved with flagstones, but during the abandonment the stones broke away, leaving the ground exposed. Here may be found many varieties of cactus, especially a rare purple-tipped variety, and a thornless cactus planted a hundred years before Burbank's time. Strange to say, the atrium became literally a burying ground, the Indian reasoning that the nearer the church he rested, the better chance he would have of Paradise.

The doorway is set in an ornamental gable of reddish stucco, the one spot of display on the whole structure. It was untouched at the time

of the restoration, its soft red tone still showing some traces of the original colored decorations. Above its broken arch may be seen the gleaming dome.

Inside its cathedral hush, and a twilight illuminated by a narrow ray of sunlight through a Moorish window beneath the dome. It lights up the altar, bringing into play a mass of color, the remains of a decoration formerly brilliant in the extreme.

The mural decorations, extremely ornate too, are of special interest. Elemental colors are profusely used, and in many

places not only are religious subjects portrayed, but the Papago has given his own interpretations by the use of animal figures, which proves the Indian origin to the skeptical.

Many of the statues have the heads, hands and feet carved of wood, the bodies being mere framework covered with cloth woven from cactus fibres and painted till stiff. Age has worn them so that frequently patches of the fabric show through the paint.

There are many interesting stories connected with the relics. One statue of St. Francis was found in the river,—not during the winter when the bed was dry,—but it was miraculously preserved. Another statue, then at Tumacacori, was burned on a funeral pyre by the Apaches. Fortunately before any great harm was done, rain fell and extinguished the fire. A Papago woman, who had been a witness of the sacrilege, hoisted the statue on her back and carried it forty miles to San Xavier and safety.

The Indians of San Xavier Village conduct two annual fiestas: the first beginning the eve of October the fourth in honor of San Francisco; the second beginning on the eve of December the third in honor of San Xavier, the Patron of the Church.

For two hundred and forty-three years the white dome that flashes in the sunlight has upheld the light of Christianity; and, though often dimmed by treacherous Indian attacks, the light burns bright to-day. There, in the

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## Letters to Barbara

CONSTANCE EDGERTON

Raton, New Mexico,  
Saturday, May 21, 1927.

Miss Barbara Gordon,  
123 Third street, West,  
Duluth, Minnesota.

DEAR Barbara:

No school to-day. I walked to Blossburg, two miles below Raton, a mining camp that sprang into existence over night, and over night fell into decay.

The main street is a gulch. Some of the first houses—made of dry goods boxes, tin cans, and tar paper—remain.

Also there are houses of the regulation mauve adobe, with their blue door jambs; the company four-room houses, painted pink and yellow. Houses for which the lumber, nails, and cement rolled across the desert in huge tarpaulin-covered wagons.

Over night Blossburg appeared on the map. The post office was Swastike, Colorado, four miles up the gully, and a miner's daughter, Edna Brown, rode her pony over ever day for the mail.

Children died that first summer—twenty in all. They lie side by side in the neglected cemetery, in the shadow of the purple-draped Sangre de Cristo Mountains. At the foot of each grave is planted a cottonwood—that wind-loving tree of the desert—with their far-flung branches intertwined. At the head of each tiny grave is a headstone.

Blossburg was a coal mine. A rich vein. Mining chemists, engineers, assayists, miners, and laborers were one. No social distinction.

There was no gun play for which other raw mining camps are noted. The town was born in 1900. Its growth was steady. The miners came mostly from the coal fields of Illinois, to amass wealth in this Eldorado.

And the women? Some afternoons they must have walked—as I did to-day—away from the screeching machinery and belching smoke, to the little stream beyond the town.

Its banks are studded with cedar, cottonwood, and yellow pine.

Spartan women to follow their men into this new country, filled with man-killing hardships, blistering days, and star-filled night. Valiantly they worked, and from the windows looked upon the rhododendron in full bloom; the playing lights of the afterglow; the mystical mirages of the desert.

In 1904 Blossburg mine caved in. Nineteen men were entombed two days in one vein; twenty-two in another.

They lie side by side. The giant interlaced cottonwoods at the babies' feet are at their heads. One huge monument tells the tragedy.

Inside a week the town was deserted. Householders left their furniture.

A deserted town; a neglected cemetery; machinery rusting in the blinding sunlight; houses empty, their doorsills filled with white sand; the Sonoran warbler and the humming bird nesting in the window casements.

Blossburg. A ghost town. Its houses waiting in the wonderful silence of the desert for other families to move in, to live primitively, to die.

I wish I were in Duluth to-night. It is a year since I saw you.

When I reached home from my hike Señor Enrico de Nizza, *major-domo* of Amato ranches, which lie over in Union County, between the Tripod Mountains and the Don Carlos Hills, was here. Would I take the school in their village, Sofia, for the summer vacation?

I had planned to go back to Duluth, but can I afford it? *And the experience to gain in that all-Mexican settlement is priceless.*

School in Raton closes June third. He wants me to open their school the sixth.

"*Quien sabe?*" was the answer I gave him, which in our tongue means: "Who can know?" They use this phrase to express *everything*.

Best wishes to all the teachers in the dear old Adams School.

Love,  
Peggy.



## LETTER NUMBER TWO

Sofia, New Mexico,  
June 11th, 1927.  
Night-time.

Dearest Barbara:

Am teaching here for the summer only. Sofia—a group of dust-brown adobe houses nestling in the crimson sands.

Pasquale Amato, called Paz, owns the village—which is nothing to boast of. It is remote from the world outside the Don Carlos Hills.

I have not yet seen Paz. He is in Santa Fe, where he represents this part of the state as senator.

His mother is a grand dame, and has no less than fifteen house servants. Some of them are old and do nothing but sit and knit. One especially, Teresa, who was nurse to Paz and his father before him, is more than one hundred years.

There is one, Inez de Vaca, the most beautiful girl I have ever beheld. She is the Señora's (that is Paz's mother) personal maid.

Amatos live in barbaric splendor. An entire sheep is cooked, and after it is served once it is sent to the cabins of the *peons*, which is the way they say servants.

Sofia. Thirty houses, ever-changing sands, the bluest of blue skies, opal-crowned hills, and the eternal bla-bla of the sheep.

What wouldn't I give to be in Duluth tonight!

Each family has a strip of garden, a goat and a burro. Red peppers hang on the outside walls. They go far into the hills for their wood—for well they know winter follows summer and New Mexican winters are cold.

We have a sick man in the village. He lies in the east room at the *rancheria*, and he is delirious. Whence he came none know. The Señora looks in on him. Inez and others of her house servants nurse him.

It is bad luck to turn one from your gates down here. Some day, the villagers tell you, it might be Christ Himself in the guise of a pauper Who would ask for shelter.

This afternoon after school, I walked across the sandhills to the green mesa with the red cliffs about it, up the narrow, lonesome trail

into the West, which was a dying glow of radiances.

Home then to my two-room adobe where I cooked my supper. *Atole*, which is a sweetened, thickish, sickening gruel; wild pear sauce;—the prickly pear loses its prickers when cooked—and black coffee.

*My home.* A squat, square adobe, plumb with the street. Dirt floors. Bare walls. Two rooms and *no connecting door*. To enter the bedroom from the kitchen one goes out of doors! A table, a bed, two chairs, and no mirror except the one in my compact!

After supper, when the Don Carlos Hills held the afterglow, the clouds grayed in the East, and the misty shadows lengthened, Anita Lopez, the witch, who knows *everything* stopped before me and said: "Benga conniga."

She was telling me: "Come with me." I went—to her house, a one-room adobe down on the brown sands by the river—the Palo Blanco River. On one wall is a life-size crucifix; on the other a stuffed milk snake!

When the moon rose she was ready to talk. She asserted she would cause mice, lizards, and toads to inhabit the human stomach; goats' legs to be exchanged for our legs! *She could see into hell and into the future!*

My future she painted rosy, filled with love and happiness. I have not met him yet, she says. For a dollar she would tell me his name! Can you beat that, Barbara?

As I did not know a donation would be expected of me I was unprepared, and the old lady scowled darkly at me.

It must be eleven. Mine is the only light burning in the village.

I wish you could see the moon. It is ten times the size of the moon in Duluth, and ten times as bright. It is very near to earth—we are 6000 feet above Duluth. A soft wind is stirring. Myriad night noises come to me—the call of the road runner, an insane bird; from out the hills a coyote lends its eerie call.

Love,  
Peggy.

## LETTER NUMBER THREE

June 25, 1927.

Dear Barbara:

Yesterday was St. John's Day, a day on

which no good Mexican will work, for is not San Juan their patron saint? And if each day throughout their life they repeat three Glorias to him, he will see they die fortified with the rites of Mother Church.

There was no school. I went to Mass in the morning and played the tiny organ for Padre Lopez, who was born and reared here in Sofia, and sent back to labor here.

The Señora sent Enrico de Nizza over to my house with a basket of food—which meant I was not to join in the festivities.

I ate the food. It was excellent. Then I mended my clothes.

The Señora resents me, or rather the fact I am American.

Other years they have had young ladies of high birth, from surrounding ranches, teaching here. But this year the State has taken the school over and a teacher has to have a certificate.

These young ladies were estimable, cultured, and could embroider. They had been to Loretto Academy for a year or two, to learn manners and poise. They taught the school—but ever one eye was on Paz—who is unmarried.

From all sides I hear his praises. Noble. Tender. Generous. Holding honor dear as the Virgin Mary.

We have no geniuses in my school. They range in age from four to fifty. Grandmothers and grandfathers attend. Paz deplures illiteracy.

This place is so lonely it is difficult to get a teacher, and getting one, wild horses cannot hold her here.

*It is lonely.* To the north are the Tripod Mountains, their lavender summits stretching far into the blue shimmer of the sky; their lower slopes dark with forests. Between the mountains and the village is the river—Palo Blanco River—its course showing pink between the cottonwoods along its banks. To the south are the Don Carlos Hills, sinister, forbidding; filled with lava beds and burning sands. Beautiful, wild, impressive. To the east is a waste of sand. Miles and miles of it... Stretching into the horizon... Changing color as the sun wheels higher. White, lemon, red, orange, crimson... When the valley is bathed in twilight the sand is brown.

To the west? God must have smiled as He laid out the valley. Fertile, productive, a joy to gaze upon. Cultivated fields, orchards, lilac-tinted distances and *water*.

When it is sunset I stand drinking in the beauty of it all. The valley bathed in sunshine, tarnished gold a-glitter in the white-hot rays of a dying sun. North and south the mountains are blue-black. Before me are the solid little houses. *My house*, wherein another teacher lived, was overcome with loneliness and returned to civilization.

New Mexico is mystic, unreal. Why don't you leave your school in Duluth and come down? Its beauty "gets you."

I walk into the hills and look into the little valleys I find. Some hills are red. Others are purple. I can visualize the Franciscans planting the Cross in these very valleys.

Behind my house is a patch of sage inhabited by road runners—a squawking bird that runs and runs. He will race horses, dogs, and even autos.

Paz is the only one in the village with a car!

I must have walked four miles after school the other evening. I came upon a herder's cabin—and the sheep.

The herder was an old man and he had no English. His bed was dry buffalo grass and an old coat. No windows in his cabin. A rude beehive oven outside the door.

The nearest railroad is Grenville—two houses and a water tank—on the Fort Worth and Southern, over which no passenger trains go; just cattle and freight cars every other day. *Grenville is thirty-eight miles.*

Yet I have never so enjoyed life; never been so glad just to be alive; expecting—and receiving—surprises daily.

The villagers accept me—all but the Señora, who is a lady of noble blood, so much so that plebeian money affairs she does not mix with! Enrico de Nizza, her *major-domo* brings me my check each week, and he signs it.

I think it is the *peace* of this country that lures me. The rocky summits of the mountains beyond their green escarpment of cedar, the turquoise skies, the ever changing sands breed peace.

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## A Forerunner of Lenin

E. M. ALMEDINGEN

**T**HAT all history repeats itself is a shabby, outworn truism and few pay any heed to it, but that each historic period is like a chain link, affecting all others either by its strength or by its weakness, as the case may be, is a problem which suggests deeper study than has hitherto been given to it. The Russian Revolution drew its beginnings neither in the Great War nor yet in that half-remembered, though wildly engineered, uprising of 1905 and the man whose fiery talk set Petrograd aflame in April, 1917, had his prototype, or even his double, whose own words had been set on record as far back as 1816.

Discontent had run rampant in Russia all through the eighteenth century—and Catherine, misnamed "the Great," had, at the end of her reign, followed rather an indefinite policy towards France. The men, who in their literary subtlety and academic achievement, had gathered the faggots for the national bonfire round Paris, were numbered among Catherine's friends and her love of things autocratic never clashed with her curiosity to probe under the surface of revolutionary movements. Outwardly she condemned them as such, but her last years witnessed many a strange episode among the men and women at her own court.

Some years later the climax happened under her grandson—Alexander I, "a mystic" on the throne. Fresh from his brilliant Napoleonic successes, he returned to St. Petersburg but to fall prey to conflicting melancholy moods, which, in turn, would be satisfied by a cohort of pseudo-mystics and various indefinitely tinted occultists, both home-bred and of alien extraction. And Alexander's officers carried a similar unrest back with them to Russia. They had been too near to the then still smouldering cauldron of revolutionary ideas. Napoleon's invasion into Russia, however gallantly repelled by soldiery and ultimately vanquished by frost, could not but have brought hardships for the masses in its wake and increased taxation of overburdened men is generally the road royal to discontent.

The home-bound officers resolved to right

matters. As early as in 1816 they founded an "Alliance of Salvation" and drew up its statutes which tended towards a mildly conditioned amelioration of living among the lower classes. The society was two years later changed into an "Alliance of Prosperity." It had several chiefs—but one main live wire, Colonel Pavel Pestel, a German by origin, an officer in the Imperial Army. The Alliance statutes in no wise satisfied his ambitions. His eloquence, his organizing abilities and his at least apparent sincerities soon made it possible for him to start a separate body within the Alliance. He called it "The South Society" and from the beginning launched its slogan before the members. Pestel could be outspoken when he so chose. The slogan was terrific and dynamic for his contemporaries, but they accepted it and put it down on their books. "Down with all autocracy."

Pestel was avowedly far more than a figure-head. Of a not too prepossessing appearance, small and untidy, with habitually tired blue eyes of a harmless little German and a nervous clean-shaven mouth, always sickly and frequently gripped by stubborn fever, he, nevertheless, dominated both his fellow officers and his soldiers by his curiously compelling manner of speaking. "He spoke as a master only can speak,"—said a contemporary.—"He had a fascination which influenced you like the grace

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### Healing

LONA PEARSON MACDORMAN

I sensed a restful spell around me stealing;  
From source unseen, came strange uplifting power,  
That brought me happiness that trying hour.  
Some touch divine, of soothing sacred healing  
Which soared on wings aloft, to me revealing  
A mighty faith, that standing like a tower  
Sublime, could cure my ills. It was a shower  
Of blessing to my weary heart. A feeling  
That nail-pierced hands were holding mine, came on;  
Although invisible. . . I was aware  
Of a real Presence near. Then through the whole  
Of me, came peace. The pain of body gone,  
Strength was renewed, by power of answered prayer—  
The cure for pain, and for the growth of Soul.



of music or the beauty of women. And those who listened to his habitually fiery tirades were either subjugated or enraged, but never indifferent and all knew that what had once been but a distant dream suddenly became a near reality, terrible and heavy with responsibilities."

Pestel worked as a Titan, unbeaten either by fatigue or by sickness, to prepare his immense revolutionary framework. What the latter was will be clearly shown by his words quoted below. Meantime, suffice it to say that between 1816 and 1824 he had gathered the threads together and began getting nearer the goal. The Emperor's illness forebode little good to Russia. Some knew, and the majority guessed, that upon Alexander's death the throne would not be occupied by his next brother, Constantine, because of the latter's morganatic marriage, but by a younger Grand Duke Nicholas—who, even at an early age of twenty-seven was known to be entirely on the side of reaction.

So the nation waited and Pestel worked on. He knew that there had been founded a similar society in the North and a union with it seemed indispensable. He brought about a collective meeting and laid down his gospel and his plans.

As one reads it to-day, one remembers Lenin and the Bolshevik uprising in every word. Indeed, those two, separated by an entire century, differently nurtured and differently bred, seem like two brothers in the one bond which mattered to them.

Revolution was to succeed, according to

Pestel, if both the Societies of the North and the South would weld themselves together under one director and sovereign dictator, if all members swore an absolute and passive obedience to him "We must abandon the long road of civilization and all slow action. We must put forth regulations more absolute than the futile principles given in our statutes. Finally we must all accept the constitution of the South Society and swear on our oath that there shall be no other in Russia."

What a parallel! Is there any political party tolerated in Russia to-day except that of Communism?

"And our first and principal action will be revolution, insurrection in the army, and abolition of the throne. The Synod and the Senate must be forced to grant absolute power to the Provisional Government. In the first place, the reigning dynasty must cease to exist. The murder of one among them might cause divisions, and produce internal dissensions.... Above all—it is necessary that all autocratic tyranny should be blotted out."

But this was a mere beginning.

"The Napoleonic wars,"—continued Pestel,—"as well as the preceding events in France have shown us so many thrones overturned, so many kingdoms abolished, so many coups d'état carried out that our minds could not help getting a hold on revolutionary ideas. From one end of Europe to the other, from Portugal to Russia, not excepting England and Turkey, these two political opposites, the spirit of reform is now setting all brains astir. I have called my Constitution 'the Russian Truth' and I hope that one day it will be a universal truth and will be adopted by all European peoples now asleep like slaves.... Unequally shared property is the worst bondage imaginable."

And what follows is but a terribly accurate prophecy—even to the details.

"Russia will be the first to free herself. Our way is traced from utter slavery to freedom unconditioned.... We have nothing. We desire all and without this desire the game would not be worth the candle."

And was it not a jump, from a monarchy—however tottering—in March 1917, to the fire and iron-moulded days in early November of the same year?

## Toll

ELIZABETH TOLDRIDGE

There is sorrow even in Arcady.

A song in the heart—that died,  
Fragile fancy wed to a clumsy word,  
Or flown where the lost things hide.

There is sorrow wherever life shall be.

The thrush wings, songless, away.  
As the roses break in the wintry blow,  
Clouds muffle the night and day.

There is sorrow to capture speeding joy;

To live with love—in the soul....  
For at every gate in the winding road,  
The Keeper must have His toll!



Now comes Pestel's constitutional program:

"All differences of wealth and birth must cease. All ranks must be annihilated. The bourgeoisie and the merchant class will be suppressed. The citizens will be divided into rural communities so that each and all should have a uniform life, education and Government and all will be equal in a perfect equality. Then we shall have the strictest censure of the Press. We shall have secret police (Tcheka!) with a staff of able and brainy spies, all tried and reliable citizens and we shall have a qualified liberty of conscience...."

He finished and even those enthusiastic firebrands who were first won over by his rhetoric, broke into a tumult:

"But he has traced the conditions of a penitentiary colony and not of a republic. Why—it seems worse than the most detestable autocracy!"

Yet Pestel having delivered himself of his bomb supply—"Saw nothing and heard nothing. The little man appeared like a waxen automaton, like one obeying a fatal obsession which seemed to come from beyond.... He no longer controlled himself.... It was as though some invisible hand set him in motion, pulling him by a string like a marionette...." So his contemporaries, whilst admiring his eloquence, voted him a possessed man.

In November, 1825, the Emperor died at Taganrog. Grand Duke Constantine's abdication having never been made public, the army swore their allegiance to him. And Pestel watched, the while he worked among peasantry and soldiery and proved his members one by one.

The dynastic uncertainty came to an end with the ascension of Nicholas I, but the army wavered and malcontents prowled round about the streets of St. Petersburg, shouting Constantine's name into the empty air. And Pestel, though advised to bide his time, seized upon the chance. Probably, with an intuition none of his kind could fathom, he was aware that no second opportunity would be given him. The riot broke loose on that memorable December day of 1825 on the Senate place in St. Petersburg. There was skirmish and bloodshed and panic and a number of futile casualties, but the heavy artillery decided the day in favor of the

young Emperor and Pestel, on the very eve of his arrest, guessed his doom would arrive with little delay and lesser mercy.

In the following summer the Decembrists' Trial came and went and Pestel followed five of his co-members to the scaffold. The rest of his society were scattered all over the Siberian mines, their constitution given to the flames and all their literature seized and likewise destroyed. Nothing remained except a ghastly memory of an execution which was inhumanly cruel even when one considers the offence and a few recorded prophecies of Paul Pestel, who, had he succeeded in his schemes, would have gone down in history as a brother of Marat and Robespierre.

### *Flowers of Saint Patrick*

(Continued from page 490)

one petition: "We, the children of Erin, beseech the holy Patrick to come once more amongst us and to set us free."

The old Lives also tell us that Patrick arrived in Green Erin in time to celebrate the Easter festival on the Green Hill of Tara. He pitched his tent on the summit of the Hill, and there lit and blessed the paschal fire, and from this bright fire he lit and blessed the paschal candle, and these sacred flames burned throughout the night, thus signifying that the Light of the World had come to Ireland.

There are numerous beautiful legends round the life of the great and wonderful Apostle, but this short narrative is not a sketch even of the life, only a little story of the "Flowers of Saint Patrick."

### *If it be Possible!*

KATE AYERS ROBERT

"If it be possible!" The prayer  
Breathed as He knelt in suffering there  
Upon the ground mid a garden's shade  
As He paid the debt that sin had made  
Did the human sway the divine.

"If it be possible!" So we  
Should plead when crushed to the earth as He,  
Should strive with our might to conquer too  
As God's own Son has shown we must do.  
Yield and whisper—"Thy will; not mine!"

## *The Churches of Montreal*

ANTONIA J. STEMPLER

THE devout Catholic who has never visited the two most interesting cities in Canada, Quebec and Montreal, has missed much. The omission should be repaired at the first possible opportunity. Probably nowhere on this continent are there more and finer churches as well as religious and educational institutions of the Old Faith than there are in these two cities. There is real spiritual profit and inspiration to be gained in the shrines which are not only of vast interest historically but are unique in divers ways. It is a liberal education to know the churches as well as the centers of which they are so large and important a part. In this paper we shall speak merely of the cosmopolitan and rapidly growing city of Montreal.



BONSECOURS CHURCH, MONTREAL

The magnificent Notre Dame Cathedral is probably the best known and best beloved edifice in the city. It is one of the sights of Montreal and all day long there is a constant procession of sightseers, while worshippers are never absent, of course. Notre Dame is over a hundred years old and stands in the oldest and most historic part of the historic city, amidst modern bank and office buildings. Overlooking the busy and historic Place d'Armes, where Maisonneuve, the intrepid founder of Montreal, slew the invading Iroquois chief and where a monument now commemorates the event, the Gothic architecture of Notre Dame much resembles in some respects that of its famous namesake in Paris. It is reported to be the second largest cathedral in North America, being exceeded in size only by the Cathedral in Mexico City. Notre Dame accommodates some 10,000 worshippers and to attend services here on Christmas, Easter, or a midnight Mass is extraordinarily impressive and blessed and an experience never to be forgotten. The interior of the sacred building is a wealth of intricate wood carving, gilding, and other art work. The oldest part of the edifice is the Chapel of the Sacred Heart and this is the Holy of Holies of Notre Dame. The two towers are 227 feet high. One of the bells weighs over twelve tons and is rung only on the most solemn occasions.

Adjoining Notre Dame stands the historic and ancient building of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, hoary with age. The old building is surrounded by a high stone wall and is very interesting architecturally. It seems like a bit of the old world set down in the midst of this busy street of the new. The stone wall gives evidence of its being the work of early generations in that it has a number of gates and has loopholes on the inside from which muskets could be fired. There is an air of aloofness, peace, and quiet about the entire seminary and its grounds. The ancient building, four stories high, with its cobblestone yards and walks is now used for the offices of the Society of St. Sulpice. The founder of the seminary, Abbe



NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL

Jean Jacques Olier, was sent from France in 1641 to establish the missionary enterprise which later grew to be the city of Montreal. The seminary was founded in 1657, but Montreal College on Sherbrooke Street is now the main home of the Society. The seminary once conducted an Indian mission post, built in 1694, and around it clustered the village of the Indian converts. The two quaint stone towers still standing on the grounds of Montreal College are all that remain of this historic post. It is supposed that the nuns lived in the one tower and taught the children in the other, but this is a moot question. The buildings and grounds of Montreal College are extensive, modern, and beautiful and are something of which to be proud.

Another interesting old church of Montreal is Bonsecours Church, known by the populace as the sailors' church, also located not far from historic Notre Dame Street, very close to Jacques Cartier square, where the Bonsecours market is held. This church, built in 1772 on the site of the first building erected in 1657, was extensively restored and changed in 1888. Paul de Maisonneuve, the founder of Montreal, donated the land for the building. The church overlooks the St. Lawrence River. Seamen out on the water at night may readily discern its towers and the illuminated statues of the Virgin and saints which surmount it. This church

is particularly interesting because of the dozens of votive offerings — miniature ships and sailing vessels—lovingly and painstakingly carved by hand by the grateful mariners, and perfect in every detail, which it contains. Bonsecours also has an elevated or roof chapel, reached by very steep, winding stairs. It is probably the only chapel of its kind anywhere. High up on the roof, above the roar of

traffic and in the world, yet not of it, it is a sacred place indeed, especially adapted for quiet prayer and meditation. The chapel is attractive, though not so elaborately decorated as the church of which it is a part. The sacristy and the walls and staircase leading to this elevated chapel are lined with framed testimonials from persons living all over the world, expressing their thanks to "Our Lady of Good Help" for extraordinary favors received. Most of these expressions of gratitude are written by hand, are reverently and gratefully phrased and indicate heartfelt devotion and gratitude. The testimonials are of extreme interest and they are worthy of careful study. Some are adorned with pictures or enclosed in carved or embellished frames. Many are obviously the gifts of the poorest of God's creatures while others are the reverse.

Both of these churches are for the French Catholics as is St. James Basilica, which occupies a superb location at the head of Dominion Square, in the heart of the modern city. It is a replica, one-fourth scale, of St. Peter's in Rome, and is one of the outstanding churches of Montreal. It is not a very old structure but those who have not had the happiness of seeing glorious St. Peter's in Rome, get some idea of what that magnificent structure must be like, though St. James, only a fourth as large, seems vast and gorgeous enough.



For the English-speaking Catholics there is St. Patrick's Church, and of course many smaller churches.

One of the most important shrines of Montreal and second only to St. Anne de Beaupré, in the number and marvel of the miracles performed there, is St. Joseph's Oratory on the slope of Mount Royal, the highest point in the city. Here for some twenty-five years remarkable cures have been wrought by the prayers of that saintly man of God, Brother André, known as the miracle man of Montreal. The Oratory, which occupies a magnificent site, is the scene of pilgrimages from all parts of Canada and the United States. During the annual Fete Dieu, in June, the religious procession is as solemn, as gorgeous, and as lengthy as may be seen in any country on earth.

Brother André is now aged and he and his work have been greatly blessed of God. Desiring to glorify St. Joseph, a small and unpretentious sanctuary was erected in 1904. It has since undergone several enlargements but long since became too small to accommodate the numerous worshipers, who thronged here in ever greater numbers each succeeding year. In 1917 work was begun on the crypt of a huge and magnificent new oratory, which, when completed, will be one of the most splendid religious edifices in North America. It is being built by the gifts of the faithful and thank offerings from grateful beneficiaries from all parts of the continent. The crypt, now in use, is capable of seating 1000 persons and offers standing room for twice that number. The main building will be 340 feet long, the nave will be 210 feet and the sanctuary 100 feet. It is to be surmounted by a splendid dome several hundred feet in height. On this dome

will be a cupola to serve as a pedestal for a statue of St. Joseph, which will be 477 feet above the ground. The pews will seat 4000 persons and the vast aisles will accommodate about 10,000. The roof of the crypt will serve as a terrace for the new oratory to which it will be connected by a majestic staircase of more than 1000 steps.

Nobody can visit St. Joseph's Oratory without being greatly impressed. Quite aside from its religious purpose and aspect it is a magnificent undertaking in a magnificent setting. The grounds, even at present, are rarely beautiful and there is a hush and reverent atmosphere about the place which even those of alien or no faith at all immediately sense and respect. Many miracles occur here yearly as the stacks of crutches, braces, and glasses and other surgical appliances and devices left by relieved sufferers, bear mute testimony. Nobody thinks of going to Montreal without visiting the Oratory and to Roman Catholics, especially, it is a great blessing and privilege to worship at the shrine.

One might go on for a long time describing the Montreal churches and religious institutions. Sufficient has been said, however, to give some idea of what the city has to offer the visitor.

Why aspire to holiness of life if you deprive yourself of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament?



ST. JAMES BASILICA, MONTREAL

## Webbed Fingers

U. S. ALLEN

"LYNCH him! Lynch him!" I heard, first vaguely then distinctly—first from few and then from many. Before I could appreciate the significance of the words, I turned a corner and collided with a man who appeared to be literally running out of his clothes. He was followed by a mob that was growing bigger at every street corner. People seemed drawn to the chase as a dust cloud in the wake of a fast-moving train.

I felt myself being sucked into this impelling stream and carried on with the current. I no longer reasoned as an individual—there was no time to reason. There was exciting work to do. The cause had enlisted the eager services of everyone else, why should I be a slacker?

"He went that way!" I screamed. Then, without knowing what it was all about or even realizing what I was doing, I joined in the common cry of, "Lynch him!" After that, for a time, I was conscious only of a babel in my ears and of human bodies bumping against me on all sides and, through it all, a sensation as of a bulldog chewing at my sleeve. Soon I realized it was someone holding me by the arm. Suddenly a smart open-hand blow on the forehead sobered me and I looked into the blue-grey eyes of my father's lawyer and friend, John Turley, or—as the South respectfully addresses its lawyers—Colonel Turley.

"What's the matter, boy?" His poise banished my frenzy.

"Nothing at all, Colonel," I replied.

The main swarm of the mob had now passed on. The Colonel said he was on the way to his office and asked if I would accompany him. After we had silently covered some distance, he said: "Not that I'm sorry, but please forgive me for that little slap I gave you. There seemed to be no other way." I assured him he was forgiven, then asked if he knew the man the mob was after.

"I don't know who he is or what dastardly crime he may have committed. I did not strike that blow for him but for you, for myself and for society in general; for the security of property, the validity of marriage, and the

sanctity of the home—I struck for Law." I smiled not too reverently at the word. "We can not hope to enjoy freedom except through obedience," he continued. "From family and school government to military discipline; from social conventions to legal statutes law is at once our protection and our guide. That, my boy, is what the howling mob back there would render impotent."

"Perhaps," I ventured, "the fellow deserves to be lynched."

"It is not a question of what he deserves but of what we—the people—deserve. Granting that his crime merits extreme punishment, to lynch him means another crime as great, multiplied by the number of people who take part in it or wish it well."

We had reached the Colonel's office and seated ourselves under an electric fan.

"Can we afford to judge those lynchers?" I argued with youthful assurance: "Can we, whose lives have been protected from outrages that make a man see red, be certain as to what we would do should it ever strike home?"

The Colonel's eyes closed and his face turned deathly pale. Strangely, I did not suspect that he was ill. His drawn feature told of a secret sorrow he had carried till his soul was weary. After a moment, in a strange whisper he repeated: "Should it ever strike home!" He then told me this story which I shall carry, with all its gruesome details, to the end of my life. He spoke quietly, his legal mind setting forth only concrete facts, but I knew that under that calm exterior he was making the fight of his life for self-control.

"When my parents had been married less than a year a Negro outraged a girl who had been my mother's closest chum from childhood. Practically the whole town turned out in a wild, self-hypnotized mob, tied the Negro to an iron stake, piled rubbish about him, drenched the pile with gasoline, and applied the torch." He paused, struggled with himself, then—"My mother applied the torch."

"It was what he deserved," I soothed. He seemed not to hear.

"In about eight months after that lynching my mother gave birth to her first child, a boy. There were three children. I am the younger—a sister came between us boys. When this first boy came, he resembled a Negro in some ways, his face was clouded, almost half of it being covered by what looked like a dark red scar. His left hand was deformed—the fingers were webbed together. I thank God I was not there then to witness my mother's suffering and remorse.

"As Harry—that was his name—grew older, my parents learned that his appearance was not all of their anxiety. He would set fire to anything, everything. Before he was five years old, in spite of all their watchfulness, he had burned their home. By the time he was seven or eight the neighbors were calling him a criminal degenerate. He hanged chickens, crucified cats, buried pups alive. It would appear that the human mind never conceived a torture that he didn't instinctively understand. After he was narrowly prevented from drowning a neighbor's baby, he was sent to a reformatory. When he was about fifteen, he set fire to one of the buildings and escaped. A few days later he fatally stabbed an officer, resisting capture, then disappeared completely. My mother died of a broken heart. My father first failed in health then in business and, when I was sixteen and my sister eighteen, he committed suicide, leaving to Sister and me a legacy of sorrow, shame, and fearfruits of that lynching long ago. My sister and I tackled things bravely as possible. She secured a position as a stenographer while I was holding a bookkeeper's job and studying law at night.

"One night my sister was returning from work later than usual. As she passed an alley, a man stepped out in front of her. 'You're Miss Turley, ain't you?'

"I am," she admitted, backing away.

"'Darling, I've been waiting so long—' Her cries for help prevented her from hearing any more. An officer appeared and the man darted back into the alley. A crowd gathered quickly. The news spread with wild variations. Someone phoned me that my sister had been assaulted by a negro on her way home. I was young then—as you are now—I joined the mob with a will. When I reached the scene the man

was tied to the stake. I fought my way forward with a desire (if the impulses of madness may be called desires) to light the fire. As I gained sight of the victim, a man spoke something to his little daughter—only a tiny child. She had caught the savage spirit. She clapped her little hands gleefully, took the torch and set the fire. As I drew still nearer and the fire was blown in such a direction as to reveal the face of the victim, my heart stood still. I saw a dark red mark on his face. Just then the fire burned the rope with which his left hand had been bound. It was deformed—the fingers were webbed together."

## International Eucharistic Congress

M. C. MOLONEY

THE fifteenth centenary of the coming of St. Patrick to Ireland will be fittingly observed by the International Eucharistic Congress—the thirty-first Congress.

The International Eucharistic Congress, history tells, us was the idea of a French woman, Mademoiselle Emelia Tamisier, who was born in Tours on All Saints Day in 1834, and who died on June 10, 1910. The first Congress was held in France at Lille on June 21st, 1881. Avignon was the second meeting place, and Liege, Belgium, the third. The fourth was held in Switzerland, and the fifth at Toulouse, in the South of France.

Paris was honored with the sixth Congress, and the fruits of this Congress is seen to-day in the magnificent Basilica of Montmartre, where-in day and night the Blessed Sacrament is adored.

The seventh Congress was held in Antwerp; the eighth in Jerusalem in 1893, the great work continuing until interrupted by the World War. The first Congress after the war was held in Rome, where the Holy Father gave the final benediction in the Vatican Basilica.

The splendor of the Congress at Chicago is still fresh in our minds; and at Sydney, Australia, five hundred thousand people, it is estimated, were present for the final Benediction.

Ireland's Congress is expected to surpass all.



Many nations desired the honor, but the Holy Father extended the privilege to Ireland because of St. Patrick, the God-sent missionary who fifteen hundred years ago enkindled in Erin the light of Faith—the light that shone through long centuries of persecution, kept alive by hunted shepherds who braved even death to care for their flocks.

The Eucharistic Congress promises to be the greatest religious manifestation in Ireland's turbulent history. Gone are the days when the faithful were driven into hiding to worship their Eucharistic King. The sanctuary lamp, so long extinguished, burns before the King's altar throne throughout Ireland to-day. When the Irish accepted the teaching of St. Patrick, they not only embraced the Faith but they embraced it with a devotion that no power could weaken—no persecution lessen their fidelity. Small wonder that Ireland's Congress is expected to surpass all the gatherings that have been since that first meeting in Lille in 1881.

## *Vatican Missionary Exposition*

NANCY BUCKLEY

THE Vatican Missionary Exposition in the Vatican Gardens is a glorious revelation of the work of the Church in the propagation of the Faith. The exposition consists of twenty-six large pavilions, especially constructed for the reception of missionary exhibits from all over the world.

The first pavilion is called the Hall of the Holy Land, and has a wonderful relief map showing the apostolic journeys of the first great Missionary, our Blessed Lord. Every morning at ten, parties are met here and conducted through the twenty-six pavilions by a reception committee of priests who speak English. There are some excellent paintings on the walls of this first pavilion, representing the early history of the Christian apostolate in Palestine.

The next pavilion gives a descriptive history of the missions. Then we pass into one of the most fascinating of the halls, called the Hall of Martyrs. Now we are indeed in the glorious company of martyrs, some of an old day, some of our own time, some known to us, some

whose names are strange to our ears, but all of the white-robed band of victors. Glorious in their lives of hardship and suffering, glorious in their offering of the supreme sacrifice! Truly the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christianity.

Around the walls are pictures vividly showing us how these martyrs died, Jesuits, Capuchins, Lazarists, Franciscans, Dominicans,—all these great Orders are represented in their valiant sons. One lovely picture represents St. Peter Claver as a youth talking with Rodriguez, the saintly lay brother. In the distance lies the city of Carthage, the slave mart of those days. One feels that the conversation concerned the souls of those poor defenseless slaves. A generous resolve can be read on Claver's face, and we know how, later, to gain their souls, he became the servant and the slave of God's most miserable children. In glass cases around the room are instruments of torture—racks and knives and ugly-looking weapons.

The next pavilion is the Ethnological Museum, where an attempt has been made to sketch in broad outlines the successful phases in the development of civilization and the influences by which these phases have been determined.

The next pavilion is reserved for North and Central America. In the center of it is a beautiful statue of Marquette. Splendid paintings glow upon the wall. One of especial interest to Californians is that of the Jesuit, Father Ruppert, the great victim of Charity, who gave his life in the frozen north in 1923.

We now enter the Hall of the Propagation of the Faith, where huge maps show the different missionary fields. Then a few moments' rest in the missionary library. We enter the exhibit of India where an heroic statue of St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies and heavenly patron of the work of the Propagation of the Faith, occupies the place of honor. The exhibit of the Mill Hill Fathers of St. Joseph, founded by Cardinal Vaughan in 1866, as an act of love and reparation, offered through St. Joseph to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, is very interesting; as is the showing of the Dacca Mission entrusted to the Congregation of the Holy Cross. This society has its headquarters at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

Leaving India, we enter the Hall of Missionary Orders and statistics, a stately corridor nine hundred feet long. Here each missionary congregation has a separate stall, and we see the work of the Helpers of the Holy Souls; of the Ursulines; of the Religious of the Sacred Heart; of the Christian Brothers; of the Holy Child Association; of the Catholic Student Crusade, numbering five hundred thousand members in three thousand schools.

The medical section, in a separate building, is of rather fearful interest, as we see portrayed in a graphic manner the many and varied diseases with which the missionary comes in contact.

The Chinese pavilion transports us quickly

to the land of the mandarins. A great variety of exhibits shows us how the missionaries have worked and are working in China. Maryknoll, that young and sturdy society of foreign missions only a few years old, is well represented in the Chinese section. The exhibits of Borneo, Japan, Oceania, Africa, and the Congo are all of fascinating interest. One could well spend a month in this Vatican Missionary Exposition and not see half of it.

All under one flag, that of the Cross, have they rallied, these glorious men and women, missionaries of God's Church, doing His work in far-off lands and at home, their one object to bring souls to Him and to establish His reign in the world.

## A Newspaper of Long Ago

MRS. R. J. HERING

THE average reader of the daily newspaper is too busy to sit down and go through the laborious process of reading column after column in order to get the news, but hastily scans the headlines and knows in five minutes or less what important events have taken place since yesterday.

Not so with the reader of a century ago. He had to peruse practically every word to get the facts which now loom up in bold letters.

*The Ulster County Gazette*, published at Kingston, Ulster County, New York, by Samuel Freer and Son, and bearing the date Saturday, January 4, 1800, is now more than 132 years old.

This paper contains no information as to how often it was published, nor what was the price of subscription, but what is more noticeable, it chronicles the funeral of George Washington, but gives no obituary. Neither does it tell when he died nor does it relate any of the circumstances attendant upon his death.

Instead of the news of the death being given place on the front page, as is customary now in the event of the passing of so important a character, the information is found on the inside of the four-page paper.

In fact, to find the mention of Washington's

death, one has to read the doings of Congress. Quoting, "Mr. Marshall with deep sorrow on his countenance, and in low, pathetic tone of voice, rose and addressed the house as follows:

"The melancholy event which was yesterday announced, without doubt, has been rendered too certain—our Washington is no more! The hero, the sage, and the patriot of America—the man on whom in times of danger every eye was turned and all hopes were placed, lives now only in his own great actions, and in the hearts of an afflicted people."

Mr. Marshall, continuing his address before the house, extolled the virtues of the dead ex-President and presented resolutions to the effect that "This House will wait on the President of the United States, in condolence of this mournful event.

"That the Speaker's chair be shrouded in black, and that the Members and Officers of the house wear black during the session."

Under the heading, WASHINGTON ENTOMBED, in a column article, the funeral is described. Quoting, "On the ornament at the head of the coffin, was inscribed SURGE AD JUDICUM—about the middle of the coffin, GLORIA DEO, and on the silver plate

## GENERAL

## GEORGE WASHINGTON

departed this life on the 14th December

1799

In conclusion, "The sun was now setting. Alas! The SON OF GLORY was set forever. No—the name of WASHINGTON—the American President and General—will triumph over DEATH. The unclouded brightness of his Glory will illuminate the future ages."

No pictures are found in this more than century-old paper. There is no engraving of Washington, no snap shots of the "sad funeral cortège wending its way down the grief-stricken avenue." Except for a poem written by a young lady, there is no further mention of the Father of His Country.

Matys Vans Steenberghe gives second notice that he is determined to pay no debts of his wife's contracting, and forbids all persons from harboring or keeping her, or trusting her on his account, which is evidence that the good people who lived here when our country was in its infancy had matrimonial troubles even as now.

This paper contains no sporting news, no suicides, no murders, no comics, no illustrations.

John Weist offers two dollars reward for information in regard to a gun which was taken out of the store of Abraham I. Hasbrouck "about a year since."

John Schoonmaker advertises one half of a saw mill for sale. Quoting, "By the Mill is an

inexhaustible quantity of PINEWOOD.—And also—

## A STOUT, HEALTHY, ACTIVE

## NEGRO WENCH

One merchant advertises that among the produce which he will accept in exchange for his goods may be found "ashes and rawhides." He states also that "CASH will not be refused."

The bulk of the news contained in this paper is foreign and is taken from papers obtained "By the arrival of the Factor from Falmouth." And the editor apologizes because he cannot publish more news from the Old World. Quoting, "The limits of our paper are too narrow this week for the great variety of foreign news received in the mails."

The postmaster advertises some fifty letters remaining in the office January 1, 1800.

One merchant who writes his 'ad' in rhyme thus describes his location,

You may always find me by my sign,  
A few rods from the house divine.

*Letters to Barbara*

(Continued from page 496)

I may be lonesome to-morrow, but to-night a king's ransom could not pry me from New Mexico.

Lovingly,  
Peggy.

(To be continued)

*Spiritual Conferences for College Men*

BURTON CONFREY, PH. D.

(Continued)

THIS student really considered the problem of "Why Students don't sign the list for First Friday Adoration" thoroughly. (The Seventh Annual *Religious Survey* includes the students' reaction to the lists, with remarks.)

First of all, since this is a topic concerning religion, we must understand that there are several classes of students when

considered from a religious point of view:

(a) those who go to Mass and morning prayers every morning; (b) those who go to morning prayers every morning and to Mass quite often; (c) those who always go to morning prayers but not to Mass; (d) those who never go to Mass except on Sunday and to morning prayers only when they think they will get caught if they cut them; and (e) those who evade all religion, even Sunday Mass.



Everyone of these students sees the list for First Friday Adoration, but each one's reaction toward it is different. Each has a different manner and a different trend of thinking. All will not, therefore, do the same thing. Let us try to analyze each one's reaction and the possible motives for it.

Those students in class "e" look at the sign, realize that it is only more religion, sneer at it, and then think no more about it. The members in this class, I am sure, are so few that they scarcely need to be considered.

The students composing class "d" see the sign, and make some "wise crack" about it. They wouldn't think of signing the list. "This is a queer school when they expect a fellow to spend all his spare time in the church. Why, if it wasn't for morning prayers and Mass, they would let a fellow sleep a while and not wake him up in the middle of the night to get up and go to Mass. Catch me going to adoration. We get altogether too much religion to suit me." Accordingly, this class of students does not go to adoration. Unfortunately, the members of this class are many.

Those students in class "c" are among the great numbers of people in life who try just to get by. Seventy per cent in their classwork is their goal. Mass once a week—on Sunday—is the limit. If they go to confession and Communion once a year, they are being Catholics. They want the greatest possible results with the least possible work; and to them, anything that gets by is a success. They go to morning prayers because they must; they wouldn't go if they could evade it. Why should they spend valuable time in the Church! Let others wear out their knees in church—not them. Anyway they aren't forced to go; so it isn't absolutely necessary.

The students in class "b" are the doubtful ones. Some will not go, but many will. These students do things in spurts, not steadily. They are rather impulsive, and dreamy. They make resolutions, many and good; but they take the path of least resistance. If work stands in the way of their resolutions, they will stop, and abandon their resolutions. If these students see the Adoration List in a conscientious mood, they will feel it their duty to go; and, accordingly, they will sign up. If, on the next day, they regret their decision, they will go through with it anyway. They have put their foot into the mess, and now they must suffer for it. These students

go, therefore, to First Friday Adoration.

Those members of class "b" who do not feel conscientious when they glimpse the list may think about it later and decide to go; but at the time when they see the list, they do not want to go. It would take too much time; and besides, it will not do them any good. By the law of averages, fifty percent of class "b" will sign for the Adoration.

The members of class "a" may be divided further into two subordinate classes: (1) Those who realize Who God is, and desire to please Him; and, (2) those who go to daily Mass from habit. The latter class will not go to First Friday Adoration. They have no motive for going; and people don't do things without reasons.

The former class will go, because they realize how much they owe God. They can understand that one half hour a month, at least, is due to God. These students sign the list and go to the adoration. Such men, however, are comparatively few.

Let us sum up the students, and see what percentage goes to First Friday Adoration. Two per cent of the students belong, I think, in class "e." These do not sign the Adoration List. Ten per cent of the students belong to class "d." These do not go to the adoration, either. Fifty per cent of the students belong in class "c." Nor do these sign the list. Twenty-five per cent of the students belong in class "b." Twelve and one-half per cent sign up; twelve and one-half per cent do not. The remainder, thirteen per cent, belong in class "a." Only three per cent, I believe, are in class "a 2." These do not go to adoration. The remainder, ten per cent, sign the list and go to adoration.

We have, therefore, twenty-two and one-half per cent who sign the list; seventy-seven and one-half per cent do not. The only way that we can get more students to sign the list is to increase the numbers in class "a."

(To be Continued)

## Notes of Interest

—Abbot Alcuin Deutsch, of St. John's Abbey in Minnesota, who has been Apostolic Administrator of Assumption Abbey at Richardton, North Dakota, ever since the latter monastery was resuscitated several years ago, announces that the Holy See has appointed as Abbot of the restored Abbey the Very Rev. Cuthbert Goeb, who has been Prior of the Richardton community since its restoration.

—February 7th was a gala day for the Church at

Nassau in the Bahama Islands. On that day His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, as representative of the Holy See, officially installed the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bernard Kevenhoerster, O. S. B., as the first Prefect Apostolic of the recently erected Prefecture Apostolic. Cardinal O'Connell of Boston and Bishop Busch of St. Cloud were the other high dignitaries present. The Cardinal of New York, under whose jurisdiction the Bahamas stood formerly, preached the sermon at the Pontifical Mass which was offered up by the Prefect Apostolic for the first time. As the church at Nassau is too small to hold a large concourse of people, the Mass was celebrated under the open sky. A thousand colored children sang the music of the Mass. The Rev. Gabriel Roerig, O. S. B., for forty years a missionary on Andros Island, was assistant priest at the Mass. Fathers Richard and Alphonse, O. S. B., priors at St. Benedict's and at St. Anselm's, New York, were deacon and subdeacon respectively. Mgr. Stephen J. Donahue, D. D., likewise of New York, who was master of ceremonies, was assisted in this capacity by Fathers Arnold and Ambrose, O. S. B. After the procession that preceded the Mass, and the prelates had taken their places in the improvised sanctuary, the papal bulls of erection were read and the Prefect Apostolic was officially installed in office. The Cardinals occupied thrones in the sanctuary on the Gospel side, while the Governor and his party took their places on the Epistle side.—Fathers from the Abbey of St. John's Abbey have long been serving as spiritual guides to the natives of the Bahamas. Father Gabriel, as mentioned above has been on Andros Island for forty years. The Very Rev. Chrysostom Schreiner, O. S. B., Vicar Forane of the Islands, who died several years ago, gave thirty-seven years of service to these missions in the tropics.

—Reverend Ignatz Kathrein, O. S. B., was brutally murdered by an Austrian "Red" at the Benedictine Abbey of Melk in Austria on November 4. The murderer, Sylvester Pozmader a servant, strangled Father Kathrein with a towel as he lay asleep, then took the savings the priest had laid aside from a pension he received as a former tutor of a prince. Despite the circumstances, the radical press made this the occasion for an attack on the clergy.

—On Nov. 8th a new high altar was consecrated in the beautiful abbey church at Weingarten in Wuerttemberg. This altar, which is simple in design, though of precious material, stands in the sanctuary between the body of the church and the monastic choir. As the altar table has no rear elevation (reredos), both the celebrant and his attendants at divine service can be seen by congregation and choir. The reliquary with the Precious Blood, which tradition says was gathered up from the ground at the foot of the cross on Mt. Calvary, is in the center of the altar, midway between the floor and the table of the altar, where it is plainly visible to all. The spacious choir chapel back of the high altar, though it forms an integral part of the middle nave, is a church in itself. The elegantly carved choir stalls of the great abbey church are in full view of the congregation.

## Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

### THE DAILY OBLATION

It would seem that the bulk of complacent Sunday worshippers remains oblivious of the fact that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is a daily oblation with us in the Catholic Church. It is an offering made in the name of the people and for the sins of the people, and, since the foulness of sin daily rises to God to anger Him, the acceptable sacrifice of His Only Son must also ascend daily in atonement and satisfaction to the Throne of the Sinless One. Undoubtedly many more of the faithful will take advantage of the opportunity to assist at Holy Mass on week days during this season of Lent.

### DAILY PRAYER

Nowhere is the liturgy of the Church better exemplified than in the Mass. But the liturgy is the school of praying rightly, and it is therefore true to say that we shall become more adept in the art of prayer by frequently attending Mass in an active way. Just like any other art, prayer must be part of daily life, if we are to become proficient in its accomplishment. The perfection of art consists in its naturalness. So also with prayer. Prayer is perfect only then, when it presses forth from the heart spontaneously and without undue exertion. There is great need of daily practice in the approved method of praying, which the Church proposes to us in the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar. By following Jesus closely in His Sacramental Life—which is one of constant prayer—we shall enter sympathetically into the thought of His Passion and death and value more fully the blessed glory of the Resurrection.

## Sonnets of Holy Mass

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

### 2. The Broken Beams

The granite lighthouse brandishes around  
Refulgent streams about the raging deep,  
With constant iteration, lest be drowned  
The storm-tossed sailor, and his widow weep.

So doth Christ's love enlighten for mankind  
The gloom of life and all its buffetings,—  
Nor with one beam alone: His glance so kind  
Distills his dawn to rainbow-colorings.

For on the Cross and on the altar stone  
The Light of Christ is broke in sufferings' prism  
And there streams forth, for sinners to atone,  
The sevenfold radiance of the Spirits chrisom.  
Oh! let this heavenly radiance be my goal,  
Until perpetual light shine on my soul!

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# KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., Editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

## RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate sheet of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received.

Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

NOTE:—The questioner from New Rochelle, N. Y., is kindly asked to consult the rules at the head of this column. The questioner from Buffalo will find her answer in the November, 1931, issue of THE GRAIL, and the query from Duluth will be answered by consulting the Catholic Encyclopedia, Volume VII.

*Why is it that the Catholic Church does not pass the cup of wine at Communion like the other churches do? The priest takes both the host and the wine.—Wawa, Pa.*

The first part of our answer is to state that other churches do not have Communion in the right sense of the word. Only Catholic priests have the power of changing bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ. Hence, in all churches that are not Catholic the people are merely eating bread and drinking wine as they might do in their own homes. When a Catholic receives Communion under the species of the host he receives the living body of Christ as it was at the time the Savior instituted the Blessed Eucharist. But that living body must necessarily contain blood or it would be no living body. Regarding the priest at the altar, it must be remembered that he is not only receiving Communion, but he is also offering the Sacrifice of the Mass, which is something altogether different from merely receiving Holy Communion.

*I am to enter an oratory contest in May and would like to know what Saint I should ask for help in the matter.—Chicago, Ill.*

Saint John Chrysostom, whose feast is celebrated on January 27th, is the Patron Saint of orators. You would do well to ask his intercession for success in the contest. (The editor of KWEERY KORNER hopes you will win the contest.)

*The other night on the radio I heard the term Erastianism used in connection with the present condition in Mexico. What does it mean?—New York, N. Y.*

By Erastianism is meant the subordination of Church to State. The doctrine was named from Thomas Lieber, a Protestant theologian, who was known as Erastus. Of course, Erastianism is altogether opposed to Catholic teaching.

*Will a person regain through a good confession the sanctifying grace which he had lost through mortal sin?—Elizabeth, N. J.*

Most certainly. The sacraments of Baptism and Penance are sacraments of the dead, which means that a person need not be in the state of sanctifying grace to receive them worthily. Baptism gives us sanctifying grace the first time in our lives and when that sanctifying grace has been lost by mortal sin, the

sacrament of Penance, worthily received, restores it to our souls again.

*Does Canada have a Patron Saint and, if so, which Saint is the one?—Toronto, Can.*

Canada is fortunate in having two Patron Saints. They are Saint George and Saint Anne.

*What is meant by the Cord of St. Thomas?—Indianapolis, Ind.*

The Cord of Saint Thomas is a thin cord having fifteen knots and worn round the waist next to the skin. It refers to an incident in the life of the Angelic Doctor, Saint Thomas Aquinas. The wearer of this cord, which must be blessed by a Dominican Father, says fifteen Hail Marys daily in honor of Saint Thomas for the maintenance of purity.

*Can you tell me when the Countess Marguerite Cuncliffe-Owen, the well known Catholic writer, died?—Philadelphia, Pa.*

The writer you mention died in New York on August 28th, 1927.

*In case of an adult person dying can you save his soul by saying an act of contrition for him?—St. Louis, Mo.*

Like the baptism of desire is the personal affair of the one desiring to be baptized, so the dying person must be sorry for sin on his own account and the act made by another would not be sufficient. What one can do is to try to move the dying person to true contrition and to make the act of contrition and ask the dying person to repeat and to really mean it.

*Is there any difference between a baldacchino and a baldachin?—New Orleans, La.*

Only this that the former is the Italian and the latter the French and Spanish form. A baldacchino is a canopy suspended from the ceiling or attached to the wall or supported on pillars in such a way that it covers the altar.

*In a recent discussion of the latest Encyclical Letter of Pope Pius XI, I mentioned that a Protestant minister once wrote a book proving that devotion must be paid to the Blessed Virgin, but could not remember the minister's name. Can you perhaps help me out in this matter? I am a student in a State University.—Fort Wayne, Ind.*

You probably had in mind the Reverend T. Lortzing, who on July 25th, in the year 1928, published such a book at Paderborn, Germany. The editor would not be able offhand to say whether you can secure this book in the United States or not. You might make inquiries of the Congressional Library in Washington, D. C.

*I have been told that Saint Vitus is called upon in cases of epilepsy. My son is afflicted with the diseases and I write to ask if I have been correctly informed.—Detroit, Mich.*

Yes, the information given you was correct. Saint Vitus is invoked in cases of epilepsy and all nervous disorders. His feast occurs February 5th.

*What is meant by a Titular Abbot? Are there any in the Benedictine Order?—St. Paul, Minn.*

An Abbot who holds the title of an extinct Abbey is called a Titular Abbot. Such an Abbot has no subjects or jurisdiction and no duties in respect thereof. There are such Abbots amongst the Benedictines, especially in the English Congregation.—(Rt. Rev. Adelhelm Odermatt, O. S. B., of Mt. Angel, Ore., who died Nov. 6th, 1920, was a Titular Abbot.—Ed. GRAIL.)





# Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

## OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Rev. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Rev. Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

## ST. PAUL'S MISSION

Ever since the fire of July 6th, Father Sylvester has felt from all sides the pressure to build. A small building was put up late in the summer, to take the place of the one destroyed, but every time he went into the dormitories, he saw how the children were crowded and how the Sisters were making heroic efforts to accommodate themselves to the uncomfortable quarters they are occupying; in the dining room, too, the children were crowded elbow to elbow, so close that they could scarcely move. Then, thought he, should an epidemic break out, where would they be? At present, there is no infirmary. When a child is ill, it must lie in the dormitory, among the healthy children, and this, everyone will admit, is not a good thing for the well ones.

Besides this, a crowd of hungry Indians came every day, begging for some kind of work to do, that they might earn something with which to buy a morsel of food for themselves, and their families. They were willing to do any sort of work, and their haggard and emaciated appearance showed that they were getting very little nourishment. A number of hungry Indians are fed every day at the Mission, taken care of by Father Sylvester's own good, kind mother, who keeps house for him out there. Then the contractors came, having very little to do because of the depression, and offering rock bottom prices, with very little profit; their offers were so good, they were irresistible, besides providing work for many men during the winter, so at last Father Sylvester yielded, and concluded that God wanted him to take the chance.

So, with nothing in the treasury, and being able to borrow only a part of the amount needed, the building has been started, and at this time the concrete foundation and first-story brickwork have been completed. It will contain the much-needed space for the Sisters' community room, their dining room, chapel, and bed rooms; a children's dining room, boys' and girls' separate infirmaries, a small operating room and a kitchen. Everybody is smiling now and full of enthusiasm; everybody is praying, too; praying hard that friends of the Mission will not fail them now when help is so much needed. Even a small amount will help. And those who send a donation will have powerful prayers pleading for them in their needs.

## IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

Father De Smet, S. J., was one of the first missionaries to work among the Sioux Indians, now being cared for by the Benedictine Fathers. Father De Smet labored among these Indians with great success, but in 1870, the Indians were divided up among the various denominations, regardless of their belief, by the Government, and for several years, our Catholic Indians were obliged to remain under the care of Protestant sects. But they were not idle; they made repeated efforts to get back their priests and obtain Catholic schools. Chief Bull Ghost especially, was untiring in his protests to the Government, and although still a pagan, his influence resulted in plans for the erection of a mission school in the heart of the Sioux Reserva-



CHRISTMAS CRIB AT LITTLE FLOWER SCHOOL

tion, at Stephan, South Dakota. This school was immaculate Conception Mission.

Bull Ghost's efforts were seconded by Bishop Marty, O. S. B., called "the Apostle of the Sioux," who travelled about on horseback among his people, with only his breviary in his pocket, a frying pan and a piece of bacon hanging from his saddle. Even in the severest winters, he kept up these travels, striving to re-establish the religion first planted by Father De Smet of sainted memory. In 1879 he was made spiritual father of all the Dakota Indians, with the title and jurisdiction of Prefect Apostolic of Dakota Territory. He called upon his monastery at St. Meinrad for missionaries, and Father Pius Boehm was sent to Stephan where he has now seen forty-four winters at this Mission.

#### SEVEN DOLORS MISSION

Father Ambrose writes that he needs three more sewing machines; there are a dozen girls working at all times in the sewing room, constantly making over dresses that come in, into well-fitting little garments. As there are only four sewing machines, eight girls must sew by hand, so this makes the work a very slow procedure where speed is so necessary. Besides making over the contents of charity boxes, there is the endless mending of torn clothing and underwear. Mending may be done so much faster on a machine, and where clothing is worn out so fast, everyone must appreciate what a help two or three more machines would be. They may be obtained for \$5, \$7, \$10 in St. Louis—very good reconditioned machines. If you can-



GRANDPA HEWAJINA (LONEHORN)

not pay for a whole machine, send \$1.00, or less. Every mite is welcome. Send donations to Clare Hampton, 5436 Holly Hills Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Father Ambrose sent us a picture of Grandpa Hewajina (Lonehorn) and his little granddaughter, whom the photographer snapped before their poor old cabin. "Both have since gone to their reward. The little girl was the sad victim of tuberculosis almost from her infancy. Under the humble care of her grandparents she cultivated great piety. She was often seen at the holy table with them. Because of impassable condition of the roads word could not be gotten to the missionary at the time of her death. Learning this, she begged for her crucifix. With the sacred symbol clasped in her hands she yielded up her soul to God. Only a few months later her grandfather followed well prepared." It is encouraging to the missionaries to see their ministrations bear such worthy fruits.

"The health of our children has been unusually good this winter," says the missionary. "Our dairy herd is a wonderful help to this end. The Federal Government has done much to improve conditions in the way of hospitalization and medical care. On my last report only twenty-four deaths out of a population of less than a thousand, while five years ago I reported sixty-two. On my visit to the hospital yesterday I found three new arrivals—a baby girl and twin baby girls. The baby clothing provided by some of our good benefactors came in very opportunely. The poor Indian mothers often have only 'swaddling clothes' of the poorest kind. I am pleased to be able to mention a few of the brighter features of the work as a matter of encouragement to our interested friends."

#### DONORS OF TIN FOIL, ROSARIES, ETC.

Mrs. Wm. Whitfield, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. John Dooley, Venter, N. J.; M. Graff, Detroit, Mich.; Minnie Hunt, N. Y. C.; Miss Alice Stang, East Tawas, Mich.; E. O'Halloran, Indianapolis; Mrs. C. Schroeder, Mankato, Minn.; Mrs. T. A. Beck, New Orleans; Mrs. McGee, Indianapolis; Mrs. E. J. Madigan, St. Louis; Miss C. Redmond, N. Y. C.; Miss Mary Leonard, N. Y. C.; Miss S. Sattler, Westwood, N. J.; Mrs. Helen Hudock, Maynard, O.; C. Murphy, N. Y. C.; Mrs. Theo. Stallboris, Hanover, Kans.; K. C. Quinles, Ossining, N. Y.; Mrs. Geo. Martin, N. Hibbing, Minn.; Little Flower School, Ft. Totten, N. D.; T. J. Lyons, Yonkers, N. Y.; Mrs. Laura Schulz, New Orleans; Mrs. J. M. Lynch, N. Y. C.

#### Easter Splendor

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

Easter Splendor, golden light,  
All the earth is bathing bright,  
Speeding dismal gloom,  
Tinting with a rainbow hue  
Each wee drop of crystal dew  
Round the empty tomb.



## WINDS

I have not seen the wind  
But I have seen a rose  
Burst into crimson rapture  
When a south wind blows.

I have not seen the wind  
But when the sun-kissed air  
Is full of flying leaves, like birds,  
I know a wind is there.

I have not seen the wind,  
But this, I know, must be:  
When waves, like horses, leap and run,  
A wind is on the sea.

I have not seen God's face  
But I have seen a clod  
Become a reaching soul, because  
I felt the breath of God.

*Minnie Case Hopkins.*

"What is wind, Karl?"

"Wind, teacher, is air in a hurry."

## LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR

Be pleasant to your neighbor,  
Be always kind, my child;  
Be ready when he needs you,  
By hate be not defiled.  
Do good to those that hate you,  
And so turn hate to love;  
For when you love your neighbor,  
You love your God above.

—SELECTED.

## ANOTHER "LITTLE FLOWER"

*(Concluded from the January number)*

FR. PATRICK SHAUGHNESSY, O. S. B.

The recollection with which little Anna prayed was very remarkable for one of her age. Especially during the Holy Mass was this noticeable. When she returned from the Communion rail nothing else existed for her except God whom she had received. The expression on her face was extraordinary. Those who saw her at this time can never forget it. One was moved to say: "What am I in the sight of God com-

pared with this little child?" An unbeliever said once: "That is really Godlike. I cannot believe that there is no God." On one occasion when Anna went with her mother and little brother Jacob to Holy Mass and Holy Communion at Annecy-le Dieux, the day and the scenery were so grand that little Jacob could not contain his feelings of joy. Anna, however, remained quiet. She was sorry to see her little brother so forgetful and reminded him, saying: "Jacob, you must think of the Holy Communion."

Anna preferred to pray without a prayer book. She asked her mother if she might do so during Holy Mass.

"Why?" asked her mother.

"Because I know all the prayers by heart in my



Anna de Guigné



prayer book, and then I am often distracted when I read them; but when I talk with the good Jesus I am not at all distracted. It is just the same as if I spoke to some one, Mama. Then one always knows what he says."

"What do you say to the good Jesus?"

"I tell Him that I love Him; then I speak to Him of you and of the others, that He may make you good. I speak to Him especially concerning sinners. And then I tell Him that I would like very much to see Him."

"Don't you think at all of the pain it would cause me if you were to go away to see Jesus?" asked the anxious mother.

"Oh, yes, Mama, I think of that and I do not wish to cause you any sorrow, but Papa is already in heaven, you will soon be there and the others also, for that is our goal."

Anna was a little mother to her brother and sisters and of this they were aware, always bringing their troubles to her to find consolation. At play she was always seeking ways to entertain others. Never thinking of herself, she was always willing to play as the others wished. This was not always easy for our little heroine. She also was a child. Her nature was the same as that of the others. But she found her consolation in this that she made the sacrifices for the little Jesus. Especially did she love her little brother, Jacob. Never could she do too much for him. She was always trying to make him good. Jacob, however, was not always so good in return for his sister's kindness. Once he amused himself by throwing up in the air one of his sister's dolls. In spite of her pleading, he would not desist. The expected result came. The doll fell and was broken, and Anna could not hold back her tears. Their mother did not learn of this until evening. Then Anna said to her as she kissed her good night: "Do not scold him, he did not do it intentionally." She then slept peacefully after having pleaded for the guilty one.

Thus went on this little life, blooming in all its beauty for others. Not only for her playmates was Anna solicitous, but for all with whom she came in contact. Many times she showed her care for the happiness of her governess. When she saw her grandfather alone, while she was playing, she left the game and ran to him saying: "Grandpa is all alone, I am going to him a little while."

She gave the greatest part of her spending money to the poor. To the poor children she gave her playthings. This cost her no little effort. "Otherwise it would be no sacrifice," she said. Many of her prayers were for poor sinners for whom she had a tender love. Her means of saving souls were prayer and sacrifice. "When she spoke of sinners one could see how sorrowful her soul was," said one of her intimate friends. When she heard that an unfortunate soul had offended God, she prayed: "Oh, my God, forgive him."

This little flower was not to blossom long in this world. It was soon to be plucked by God. On December 19, 1921, she had a bad headache. At first it was

not thought that any bad results would follow. Around Christmas she seemed to grow a little better. However, on the 27th of December the sickness took a turn for the worse. On the next day the priest came to hear confession.

"Do you wish me to bring you your loving Savior?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she cried, showing her great desire.

On the 30th of December she was anointed and on the 1st of January she received Holy Communion again.

"What day is it?" she asked.

"The 1st of January," she was told.

"Oh, I did not know that; so, happy new year," she said, forgetting her suffering.

During the next few days she was a little better. She was heard to say: "I am at the end"; and again, "my little Jesus, I have enough." Great was the suffering which this little one bore, and all without a murmur. Her mother consoled her for her patient suffering, telling her that she thus pleased Jesus and helped to save souls.

"If that is the case, I will gladly suffer more," was her answer.

What happened as the end drew near we can only imagine. She was heard to call: "Jacob, Leleine, Baby, come and look! Oh, do come and see, how beautiful that is." We are left to wonder what she saw. On the Thursday before her death she called her mother to tell her that she saw her guardian angel—"really, really he is there."—And again: "I see him, Mama, I see him; turn around and you will see him also." Twice that night she made an act of hope. She asked the Sister who was present: "Sister, may I go to the angels?" And on receiving an affirmative answer, she added, "Thanks, Sister, oh thanks." This was her last wish. On the morning of the 14th of January she flew away to the angels. In all hearts arose only one thought. "That is a saint."

As we have seen, Anna spoke much to Jesus for poor sinners. It is only natural to expect that she would not cease to intercede for them in heaven. And this indeed seems to be the case. Many are the accounts of the conversions of sinners through prayers to the saintly little one.

As the space allotted to us does not suffice to mention them all, we give only two, which is sufficient to show the intercessory power of this innocent child.

A great uncle of Anna was asked to talk to a dying sinner to try to have him consent to see a priest. This poor sinner had long been separated from God. He refused to see a priest or to talk of anything which concerned his soul. Therefore the great uncle left all to little Anna. And true enough, a change took place. The dying man asked for the priest and confessed.

A letter was received telling of one, who, after reading the life of Anna, was sceptical and would not believe. Then he prayed to her to convince him by a miracle. This was bold of him as he readily admitted. However, little Anna was not displeased and in less than fourteen days he received his answer. Although

we cannot say what a miracle is and what it is not—only the Church can do that—we must admit that it seems that little Anna, who lived her life on earth for others, is continuing to do so in heaven.

### WASHINGTON IN STONE

The painter can catch up the beauties of nature or the delicate features of the human body and portray them on his canvas for posterity to wonder over. The composer can weave melodies to illustrate the most intricate processes of the passions of man. But the sculptor has the real difficulty. His is the task of producing from old marble a human likeness.

Jean Antoine Houdon put his masterful hand to the stone to produce in a sum total of chisel blows the likeness of George Washington. This man's work has been selected by the Bicentennial Commission as the official bust of Washington for the celebration of the great statesman's two-hundredth birthday anniversary.

When the scrolls of history have been rolled back and time-worn chronicles have been thumbed, there is revealed to many people the fact that Houdon was a great artist in his day, and that he was, moreover, a son of the Catholic Church. He was born at Versailles in 1741. He had already produced many masterpieces of art and had merited some coveted honors, which brought him the name of being the most distinguished sculptor in France during the last half of the eighteenth century, when he came to America in the company of Benjamin Franklin. While here, he spent two weeks at Mt. Vernon, making studies of Washington, from which he later produced his famous bust.

The fact that Houdon's work has been chosen as the most representative likeness of Washington is, in itself, significant of its merits as a work of art. The master has embodied in this bit of marble the high nobility of character of the beloved leader of his countrymen. The tilt of the stately head bespeaks broad-mindedness, uprightness, fearlessness. One can see on the lips a firm and determined "It shall be done!" The firm line of the jaw indicates leadership and strong will power. To an interested observer the bust of Washington points back unmistakably to the man it represents, and even though that observer had never heard the great patriot's name mentioned, he might, from the mere appearance of the graven image, draw his own conclusions as to the soul-qualities of Washington. The present generation of Americans may well feel grateful to the French artist for having left us this creation of his genius.

JOHN SCORE, 32, St. Meinrad Minor Seminary.

### LETTER BOX

The attention of the readers of the Letter Box is kindly invited to the following notice:

Because several buttons have been returned to the Box without having reached their destination, all those who have earned buttons and have not received them are requested to write at once stating whether it is a Fidelity or B-Z-B A Button that you have earned and have not received, and your button will be forwarded to

you at once. Doubtless several have written from addresses other than the home address. If you will attend to this matter at once your kindness will be appreciated.

Address your letters to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.

### EXPRESSION LESSON

The following reading, "A Proposal," by Agnes Brown Hering, together with lesson talk by the author, is published this month for the benefit of those who may be looking for something humorous that will bring a big laugh from the audience. Readings of this type always produce considerable merriment, but should not be attempted unless the reader can imitate the calls of the street venders. However, anyone who enjoys appearing on the public platform can cultivate the voice to make the necessary changes, if he will.

### A PROPOSAL

Characters: Jack Horton, a typical modern young business man; Joan Jackson, his fiancée, a charming young debutante; Scene: The front piazza of the Jackson home.

Jack had been in love with Joan ever since they were high school freshmen, and had paid her every courteous attention that could be shown by gallant suitor.

However, when he attempted to tell her of the divine spark which her presence fanned into a living flame, his tongue seemed held by some strange power, and he was unable to speak.

He well knew that faint heart ne'er won fair lady, and was considerably perturbed lest a certain imperious young lieutenant who had recently come to town, and who had paid Joan marked attention at the last dance, might cut him out entirely.

On this particular morning, an errand, either feigned or real, took him past the Jackson home. Miss Joan was sitting in the porch swing on the wide piazza looking more lovely than ever. Jack turned in at the gate and took his place beside her. After a few ordinary remarks about the weather, the last club dance, and the golf match the coming week, Jack moved closer to Joan and said in a voice tense with emotion, "Joan, I love you. I long have wanted to tell you so but it seemed as if I were a—"

"Fresh cabbage! French cabbage!" sang out the vegetable man as he pushed his cart along the walk.

Jack, plainly was annoyed, and Joan bit her lip to keep from smiling.

"I meant to say," Jack continued, "it seemed as if I were afraid to speak. I have long been your silent admirer. When the sun shines on your beautiful golden hair I think of—"

"Punkins! Punkins!" called out a big fat Swede who was driving a white mule that was drawing a rickety old cart.

Joan could not suppress her merriment, and laughed until the tears ran down her face.

Jack, somehow couldn't see the humor of the situation, and glared at the offender menacingly.

"I think of gorgeous masses of lovely flowers," Jack continued. "Flowers, whose exquisite perfume is borne upon the breeze as the breath of—"

"Onions! Onions! Onions!" called out an angularly built woman from the country who had come to town with garden products.

"I declare! The rabble on this street is enough to make one distracted," Jack angrily declared while Joan tried hard to look serious.

"This is a noisy thoroughfare," she said sweetly.

"I wanted to tell you that your gleaming tresses are like spun gold, and your beautiful face as refreshing as..."

"Cucumbers! Cucumbers!" a little boy with a big voice called.

Jack was annoyed. In fact he was becoming desperate.

"Joan," he exclaimed, "your face is as lovely as an angel's. Won't you tell me that you love me? Can't you give me a little ray of hope? I haven't a great deal but I would bestow upon you my—"

"Old Clothes! Old Clothes!" called out the collector for the Salvation army.

Jack was determined to have done with his speech now, in spite of all.

"I will bestow upon you all I have. I will build a cottage in a quiet, secluded spot where you can reign the queen of my heart and home as lovely..."

"Hot tamales! Hot tamales!" called the driver of a wagon that paused a moment as he looked questioningly toward the house.

Joan was almost convulsed with merriment, but she really loved Jack, so she took pity on him in his distress and what she said brought a look of joy to his face.

"And say, Joan," said Jack in parting, "we'll live where we'll never see a vegetable cart or hear a vender."

#### Lesson Talk for "A Proposal"

The reader should enter quietly and pause in center of stage for a few seconds before speaking. Unless title has been announced, or is printed on program, reader should announce title clearly, then take a step forward.

Give characters and scene slowly and clearly, and loud enough to be heard by those at the rear of the room. Always talk to the man at the door, and you need not worry about the rest of the audience, for they will hear you.

Give the the introductory paragraphs in a conversational tone, looking into the eyes of your hearers.

Turn to the right oblique when you speak for Jack.

Turn to left oblique when you impersonate venders.

Use high tone, singing out "Fresh cabbages."

Keep lungs well filled with air at all times. This gives your voice greater volume.

Extend chest and call deeply and loudly "Poonkins!"

Use shrill voice for "Onions!"

Sweet tone for Joan. Position slightly to left.

Boy's voice for "Cucumbers!"

Voice not too boisterous for "Old clothes!"

Sing out in high, drawling tone, "Hot tamales!"

Close in conversational tone, and impersonate Jack in happy, relieved tone of voice.

Take a step backward, and bow gracefully.

#### IN APRIL

The wind cracked a whip,  
The storm flashed a gun,  
And the animal clouds marched one by one  
Under the tent of the sky.

There were elephants blue,  
And shaggy white bears,  
And dozens and dozens of prancing gray mares  
With their beautiful heads held high.—Selected.

#### TRAFFIC

From my window way up high  
I like to watch the cars go by.  
They look like shiny beetles black,  
And leave an awful muddy track  
Behind them as they slowly crawl.  
Some of them do not move at all  
But huddle close and sort of drone;  
They must be 'fraid to be alone.  
They grope their way through the dark, dark night  
With the golden feelers of their light.—Selected.

#### SMILES

"Grandma's crying," announced little Elsie.

"Well," suggested Harold, "maybe she's cutting a tooth."

Mr. Brown: "Why don't you speak to your landlord about the roof?"

Mr. Nelson: "He might speak about the rent."

Teacher: "James, if you cut a steak in two, what would you have?"

James: "Halves."

Teacher: "Again?"

James: "Fourths."

Teacher: "Again?"

James: "Sixteenths."

Teacher: "Again?"

James: "Hamburger."

#### Cure Ascribed to Sister Annella

St. Bernard's Seminary,

Colombo, Ceylon, 5th January, 1932.

In fulfillment of my promise to publish the favour I solicited, I beg to offer my heartfelt thanks and deepest gratitude to the Holy Sister Annella, to the little Guy de Fontgalland, and Bishop Mazenod for hearing my humble prayers and granting me my petition on behalf of my little brother Magi for his speedy recovery from a very severe attack of Enteric Fever.

Shortly before his Cambridge Examination Magi took suddenly ill and in a few days' time his condition



became critical and was therefore ordered by the doctor to be removed to the hospital immediately. As this Enteric Fever was doing so much mischief and was carrying off a number of persons in Jaffna my fear and consternation can better be imagined than described. So in this great distress I turned to the good Sister Annella whose life I was just reading in a recently published Booklet, and implored her to secure for me a speedy recovery of my brother. Forthwith I started a novena to that saintly nun and invoked also the aid of the little Guy and the help of Bishop de Mazenod. I also got a number of my friends to join me in storming heaven.

Hardly had the novena ended, what was my surprise to hear that Magi was to leave the hospital that very day, and I am glad to say that he is up again on his feet.

May the Good God grant more favors through the intercession of those new Servants of God that they may soon be enrolled among the Beatified and be our powerful advocates in heaven.

Bro. Antoninus, O. M. I.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—An illustrated sketch of the life, sufferings, and death of Sister Annella was published recently in booklet form by the Abbey Press. Copies of this booklet may be procured from Rev. Joseph Kreuter, O. S. B., Collegeville, Minn.—This life sketch has now been printed with numerous illustrations also in far-off Ceylon in the Hindu language.

### *Remail Your Catholic Magazine*

Will the readers of THE GRAIL remail their copy to those who are unable to obtain Catholic literature?

Devoted priests all over the United States and on the missions in distant countries are crying loudly for Catholic literature. There are thousands of Catholic families in the scattered sections of the country, in India, Africa, and the Philippine Islands, to whom Catholic periodicals will be welcome and beneficial. The zealous missionary, labor as he may, and willing though he be to spend and be spent for Christ, can see the scattered members of his flock only a few times a year. A moment's reflection is sufficient to convince us of the truth of the statement of zealous priests that "some word of doctrine, some consolation of religion, some explanation of the puzzling news items and disquieting anti-Catholic comments of the local press, some idea, in a word, of God and His Church, should be brought into their lives" during the long intervals when there is no Mass, no sermon, no sacraments. We earnestly appeal to the readers of THE GRAIL to co-operate in supplying this want. Send to the "Remail- ing Department" of the International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y., for the address to which to remail your Catholic weekly or monthly.

### *Mission Kit for Needy Missionary*

By giving a needy missionary a Catholic Medical Mission Kit you will be promoting all the spiritual and

corporal works of mercy. These Medical Mission Kits are prepared by the Catholic Medical Mission Board, at 8 and 10 West 17th Street, New York, N. Y. A complete kit, containing the most useful medicines, instrument, dressings, bandages, etc., and enough of most of the medicines to refill the kit ten times, will be sent to a missionary on receipt of a donation of \$25.00 for each kit. If an individual were to purchase the contents of this kit box he would have to pay about five times this amount. The Catholic Medical Mission Board contributes the labor and care required to assemble and ship the kit. The missionaries all over the world, especially in the fields afar, are enthusiastic in their praise of this kit, which they declare to be ideal for the missionary's medical needs.

### *Abbey and Seminary*

—St. Meinrad's day on Jan. 21 was celebrated as usual with Pontifical High Mass. Father Meinrad officiated at Vespers, after which "Fabiola" was shown in the hall of the new college building.—Before the community Mass at 5:15, which was celebrated by Father Subprior Placidus Kempf, novice master of the lay brothers, Messrs. Paul Gruenewald of Chicago, George Kiesel of Evansville, and Thomas Enright of Co. Kerry, Ireland, were invested with the Benedictine habit. Father Abbot Coadjutor officiated.

—Father Sylvester drove down from the St. Paul Indian Mission at Marty, S. Dak., to attend the retreat. Bro. January, who had been at the mission for the past nine months, accompanied him back to the Abbey. On his return to South Dakota after the retreat, Father Sylvester took Fr. Timothy along for a change of climate. Bro. January will remain with us.

—Father Damian, the junior missionary on the Devils Lake (N. Dak.) Indian reservation, was called to Evansville in mid-January by the serious illness of his father. Passing through northern Illinois on his way to Indiana, the automobile in which he was riding slipped off the road on an ice-covered hillside and turned topsy-turvy. Crawling out of the vehicle with his brother Paul, who accompanied him, they were able to right the car and continue rejoicing on their way. F. Damian took the opportunity to attend the annual retreat. His father's health having improved considerably in the meantime, the intrepid missionary set out with his brother for the land of ice and snow.

—The only snow of the winter to visit us was a light flurry that fell in enormous flakes on Jan. 29. Two days later it had disappeared.

—After the close of the semester examinations the annual retreats were held. Three Franciscan Fathers of Cincinnati were the retreat masters. On Sunday evening, Jan. 31, Father Fulgence Meyer, O. F. M., led the priests and the clerics of the Abbey into solitude. On the following evening Fathers Egbert Fischer, O. F. M., and Ernest Ott, O. F. M., opened the retreat in Seminary and College respectively. The students' retreat closed Friday morning, while the community had their closing exercises after Vespers of the same day. During the following week the Broth-

ers made the spiritual exercises under the guidance of Father Egbert.

—Ash Wednesday, which fell on Feb. 10, was extraordinarily early this year. Father Abbot Coadjutor presided on the throne at the blessing and the distribution of the ashes. In the evening of the same day he conferred the tonsure on six clerics of the Abbey: Fraters Joseph Battaglia, Gualbert Brunsman, Hugh Schuck, Gerold Benkert, Bernardine Shine, and Claude Ehringer.

—The feast of St. Scholastica was transferred from Feb. 10th to the 11th. At early Mass Father Abbot Coadjutor gave the two first minor orders of ostiary and lector to the clerics that had received the tonsure the night before. The remaining two minor orders of exorcist and acolyte were given on the first Sunday of Lent.

—Our three deacons, Fraters Gilbert Hess, Raphael Hirsch, and Cornelius Waldo, have been informed that at the Pentecost ordinations this spring they are to be promoted from third year theology to the priesthood. As priests they will finish their course of studies in the Seminary and at the same time teach a class in the College.

—The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is now offered up regularly again on Saturdays during the winter on Monte Cassino in the little chapel of Our Lady. Beginning with May there is Mass on Tuesdays and Thursdays also. The ceiling and walls of the chapel have been beautified by symbol and picture. The altar has been retouched to match. This shrine is in an attractive place on the hilltop in the woods. The stillness of the lovely spot is broken only by the chirp and song of numerous birds.

—Several quite warm days occurred in midwinter. On Jan. 14th the local thermometer, which hangs within the cloister, registered 67 degrees Fahrenheit. Feb. 10th, however, was much warmer, for the mercury climbed up to 86 at midday; by evening it had dropped to 74, and at four o'clock the following morning it was 69. Despite the weather man's threatening us with formidable icicle clubs, the predicted cold wave somehow seems to have been deflected, passing over detours to other parts.

—We learn that besides being Abbot of St. Joseph's Abbey, Abbot Columban is ordinary of one Benedictine convent, quasi-ordinary of another, and dean of the district, which includes two 'parishes' or counties.

—On March 21, 1907, our Abbey Church was dedicated and used for the first time. The first service held therein was the Pontifical High Mass celebrated by Abbot Athanasius Schmitt the morning of the dedication—St. Benedict's day. A quarter of a century has now passed since that memorable occasion.

—Abraham Lincoln's 123rd birthday anniversary, which fell on the 12th of the past month, coincided with the fiftieth anniversary of Father Luke Gruwe's ordination to the priesthood. As Lent had cast its sombre shadow over all, festivities were postponed until after Easter. Despite his three and eighty years the jubilarian, though no longer spry of step, is still

young in spirit. The *Paradieses-Fruechte*, of which he is editor, bears silent witness to the truth of this statement. In the fifty years of his priesthood the venerable jubilarian has taught both in College and in Seminary. He was Prior of St. Meinrad Abbey, then founder and Prior of the Louisiana foundation, and then served a second term as Prior of St. Meinrad for twenty-two years, serving in that capacity until in June, 1929. Hearty congratulations!

—The thirty-fourth anniversary of the death of the late lamented Abbot Fintan Mundwiler was kept on Monday, February 15th. Father Abbot Coadjutor was celebrant of the Pontifical Requiem.

—On February 15th occurred also the funeral of Mrs. Paul Ringemann, mother of Messrs. Edward and August Ringemann, and of their sister Miss Scholastica, all of whom are connected with the Abbey Press. The deceased who had been a patient sufferer for many years, was a devout Christian woman of a retiring disposition, a model wife and mother, who deserved, and had, the esteem of all who came into contact with her. Mr. Ringemann preceded her in death about a year and a half ago.—That the funeral of Mrs. Ringemann should have taken place on the same morning on which the anniversary Mass was celebrated for Abbot Fintan of blessed memory seemed a striking coincidence to some of the older members of the community. On Sept. 2, 1887, when our monastery was destroyed by fire, Abbot Fintan took the Blessed Sacrament to the Ringemann home for safe-keeping until other provision could be made. An eyewitness of the event recalls how Mrs. Ringemann lit the candles on that occasion at the temporary repository. R. I. P.

## Book Notices

*The Sciences Dependent*, by J. Arthur M. Richey. Richard G. Badger, Publisher. The Gorham Press, Boston. Cloth, \$2.00.

The author's preface, suggesting as a subtitle "Science with a Sense of Humor" is very descriptive. But the humor is of a high type, rather, of a refined wit. The book offers a mine of matter to those wishing to equip themselves on scientific matters in a way suitable to so many of the American public dabbling superficially in scientific matters but loving the truth if presented without too much logic and heaviness. In rapid review the author discusses Sciences and Philosophy, Universe and Universities, Powers that be, Foundations of the Earth, the Terrestrial Superstructure, Life and Transformism, the Four Horsemen, Man's Unity of Origin, the Meaning of life, the Unifying Principle. Typical of matter and form of the book is the following: "The natural sciences, like religions, have their heretics in goodly numbers, only it is difficult sometimes to decide which are the heretics. Among those who would account for the origin of species in biology we recall Lamarck and Darwin with their 'imperceptible changes' and 'fortuitous variations' respectively, but Weissman and, probably, most biologists to-day declare that acquired characteristics are not transferable, thus making Darwinism as heretical to the technical biologist as Gnosticism was to the early Christians. In psychology we have a Freud denying the spiritual nature of the soul, and in history an H. G. Wells who frequently substitutes myths and whims for facts, while H. L. Mencken takes a news-reel of current events and things in general, and ex-

plots originality by drawing his picture in reverse. The one thing that appears to go in the right direction is the *wheel*, and that is because in a serious motion-picture it is the only thing that refuses to be taken the way it revolves; yet some people continue to declare 'a photograph cannot lie.' At the same time, an ultra modern, one-wheel hobby with a rather speed-mad and high rider can always command passing notice from the casual pedestrian, and more eager attention from those who delight to chase phantoms, the end of a rainbow and its pot of gold." C. T.

*Collection of Prayers and Good Works:* "to which the Roman Pontiffs have attached indulgences in favor of all the faithful or certain groups of persons, 1899 to 1928." Translated and edited from the official versions by Rev. Richard E. Powers, priest of the diocese of Springfield, Mass. This "Raccolta" in English answers a real need: that of a handy source for priests and people in the matter of the necessary, precise information on prayers and good works indulgenced by proper Roman authority from the year 1899 to 1928. It is then an authorized translation of the collection of such prayers and good works submitted to the Sovereign Pontiff by Cardinal Lauri, Major Penitentiary, on Jan. 4, 1929, and approved as "alone authentic" by our Holy Father, Pius XI. It includes, also, Latin-English ordinary of the Mass and other useful devotions. The table of contents is a veritable storehouse of suggested devotions. A calendar of feasts for special devotions for finding the days of certain feasts and the indulgenced prayers and devotions suited to them is a real convenience. Father Powers, for whom the publishers bespeak their praise for his true and careful and very readable translations of other Latin liturgical works, has done a tremendously detailed work in this new translation; and has apparently done it admirably well. The prayers are in simple, precisely phrased language, the hymns metrically and nicely turned, though we note in a rendering of the *Memorare* of St. Bernard he leaves the traditional translation most of us are so familiar with and substitutes one of his own. We confess it seemed different. The book is made up in prayer-book style, set in clear, large type. We observe, however, in comparing it with another *Raccolta* in English on our desk that in our opinion the typographical merits of the book, especially for the constant user, would be enhanced by heavier headings, heavier paragraph leads, and even a contrasted style of type in the subheadings. Price \$3.00 and up. Benziger Brothers, publishers. J. D.

*Jesus, Live In Me Through the Blessed Virgin Mary,* in the Spirit of St. Teresa. Copiously illustrated. Compiled by Father Marian, O. F. M. The Franciscan Printery, Pulaski, Wis. This new prayer book, with the usual content of such a manual, is made spiritually lightsome by the simple and always correct sayings and prayers of the Little Flower of Jesus, which are generously interwoven. Price, 75 cents. J. D.

*A Manual Of Prayers.* John Murphy Company, Baltimore, Md. This is a reprint of the old manual "for the use of the Catholic laity, prepared and enjoined by order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore." It is issued in large, black-faced type which is the distinctive change in the new printing of this fine old prayer book and should be an attraction recommending it for a further wide circulation especially for those who like to use a prayer book in some of our darksome churches. The contents of *A Manual Of Prayers*, most of us will remember is widely selective and its correctness vouched for by authority, two very high merits in this valuable volume. Price, \$1.50 to \$4.75. J. D.

*In The Homeland Of The Saviour.* By Frederick

H. Lynk, S. V. D. The Mission Press, Techny, Ill. 255 pages. Price, \$1.80.

This book makes very interesting reading. It is the publication in book form of "the very personal memoirs" of the author, recounting the events of his pilgrimage of a few years ago to the Holy Land. The various chapters are the articles which appeared serially in the magazine, *The Christian Family*, in 1930 and 1931. In his foreword, the author confides his hesitation in republishing these articles but of his final persuasion to the deed as "a fitting token of gratitude to the good Master," on the occasion of his sacerdotal silver jubilee. Many who chance upon his book will, likewise, find occasion for gratitude to the author for permitting them to share the interest, the lively impressions, and the religious inspirations of his pilgrimage.

The author long cherished an ambition to travel to the high spots of this earth's human history. In the year of which he writes, for nine months he was gratifying that ambition; so the present book is but a part, if the important part, of his whole story. He proves himself an observant and profitable pilgrim; the Holy Land under the influence of his scriptural knowledge, his priestly enthusiasms for God's revelations to man, and his no mean ability as a writer, assumes a lively popular interest that takes form in longings of soul and aspirations reverently to tread the paths made sacred by the footprints of Our Lord. The book makes no pretence as "a learned tome for the scholar" and by just that much it gives the average reader a popular picture of Palestine; its memorable people, places and history. The thought comes spontaneously that a perusal of this book would bring helping knowledge and consolation of spirit not only to the good laity but to our seminarians and our priests and religious.

The author's story will sustain one's interest to the end. In some passages his narrative soars as in his description of Damascus and St. Paul; Judith and Bethulia; the Blessed Virgin and Bethlehem; Christ and Green Tabgha and in the City of Peace. In the flood of books that is on us, here is a wholesome volume well worth while. Naturally, however, there is an intimate note running through, for it is in part at least a reproduction of the pilgrim's diary. That may account for some very little, very little—of the record being spotted by darkened touches. The author apparently was not too happy in his trans-atlantic shipmates; he continues to meet "pippins" even in Green Tabgha and he boldly names names. We have heard others, too, tell of the physical inconveniences of travel in the Holy Land; for the first time we read in this book the added nuisance of sleep-snoring room mates. Travel has not yet lost all its inconveniences, even though it be a pilgrimage, especially a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. J. D.

*The Medical Mission Manual* (The Catholic Medical Mission Board, 10 W. 17 St., New York; price, 25¢) is an interesting, practical, illustrated manual for medical mission workers who make bandages, dressings—dispensary equipment, and other supplies for the missions. Every woman would do well to have a copy of this little manual which will at very little expense enable her to have no small share in the great apostolate carried on by the Catholic Medical Mission Board. G. B.

*The Franciscan Almanac for 1932* (The Franciscan Magazine, 174 Ramsey St., Paterson, N. J.; price: 50¢; by mail, 60¢) is a veritable encyclopedia of information of a wide range in this book of 384 pages set in eight-point type. A handy index of eight pages lists the numerous details contained in this book which will be serviceable not only for 1932 but for years to come. G. B.





Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

## On the Crest of the Wave

### CHAPTER XIX—FRIENDS IN NEED

THE intuitive feeling that all was not well, that Madeline had on the way home, now arose with superlative force, and dealt her a shock that was like a hammer blow. It sent her, weak and reeling, to sit on the edge of her bed. She passed her hand over her forehead and pondered; was it possible for such things to happen to a perfectly innocent person, one who had never done anyone the slightest wrong, who had always had nothing but the kindest feelings toward everyone of her fellow men, who would rather have starved than take something that was not her own? Again and again the enormity of the thing beat upon her brain, and she shook her head sadly, unable to comprehend. To whom could she turn now? Everyone secretly believed that she took the ring, no matter how loud their protestations of belief in her—that was her opinion. She knew that even had she taken it, Lily would have loyally stood by her—she was like that. And as for Ronald—he was too gentlemanly to be otherwise than loyal. Everyone, everyone in the world believed her a thief; how could it be otherwise, when the thing happened before all the girls?

She wondered, too, who could have placed the ring in her purse. She had no way of knowing that Eileen was madly jealous of her; she did not even dream that the girl even took more than passing notice of her. No; it must have been some girl in the Home, thought she; had she among the girls a secret enemy of whom she did not know? She mentally went over all the girls, but could decide on no one; her own friendship for all of them was so whole-hearted that she could discover no fault in any of them. Yet, argued she, it must have been one of them; which one; she could never guess. Someone hated her, that was certain, and took this ugly method of ridding themselves of her presence in the Home. She sighed presently, and shrugged her shoulders; another girl might have burst into tears, but Madeline seldom wept. When she did, it was soul-racking. What was to be done? Nothing—absolutely nothing; all she could do was, to deny her guilt, and any thief could do that. She could prove nothing. Presently, she arose, so weak and shaken that she could scarcely cross the floor. Opening the closet, she dragged out her trunk, and began taking her belongings from the various parts

of the room and packing them therein. She worked with feverish haste; she must hurry so that she might find a lodging place for the night. She must also find a drayman, who could bring her trunk to the new boarding place.

Finally, the last thing was packed, and with black despair closing over her head, she strapped and locked the trunk, taking only a few necessary things in an overnight bag. No use leaving a note for Lily; she could not bear to see Lily again anyway, knowing that secretly she must believe her friend guilty. She would break with all of them, and live alone and lonely, she decided. Her contacts with her fellow man seemed to bring nothing but grief anyway. Once having decided, she lost no time in going about her business. With man strength she dragged the trunk to the hall outside; she would make them as little trouble as possible. If she could find a drayman, she would have him come this very night yet to get the trunk, and she would bribe him not to tell anyone her address. It was true, she was a little beside herself with suppressed, tearless grief, but she was taking refuge in what was left of her pride. It made the pain a little less poignant. Going down to the matron's office, she found that lady adding up her accounts.

"I am leaving," she said, quietly. "I suppose you know all about it; they've explained?"

"Yes," replied the matron with a curt, cold bow. "Have you the key to your room?"

"Here it is; my trunk is outside in the hall. I'm going to find another place right away, and if possible, I will have a man up to-night to take the trunk away. If not, he will come in the morning."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Marvin with another cold bow.

And now out into the cold streets, with no friend, no one to care, no one to help, no one but herself to depend upon. But she threw up her head; every ounce of stamina was called into play; now was no time to give way. She had money in her purse; she must simply find a new boarding house. That was all. The rest would remain the same. Her position—she still had that. She would work hard; she would put her whole mind and soul into her work, and they shall see what she was made of. She would succeed in spite of all the handicaps and misfortunes in the world! Thus she reasoned, and it gave her strength. She did not need anyone but God; she still had Him, and He would never change; He would not misunderstand her

and accuse her of false, foolish things, and if she tried hard and was true to Him, He would bless her efforts, and help her to climb to that lofty pinnacle she had in mind as her goal.

The first thing she did was to purchase an evening paper; then she scanned the lists of boarding places, selected three which seemed desirable and near to her office, and then boarded a bus, which was to take her to her new destination. It was clear on the other side of town, and she had selected them purposely, that she might not run into any of her old acquaintances. Having visited all three, she finally selected one, which seemed refined, and reasonable in price, and found an expressman who was willing to go at once for her trunk. An hour after her dismissal from the Home, she was installed in a quiet, clean little room but fifteen minutes' ride from her office, which was an improvement on her last boarding place. In an hour or so more, her trunk arrived, and she busied herself in arranging her things about the room. Then she sat down to read quietly until bedtime. She thought she had cut herself off from everyone, but she found she was mistaken. Next day she was called to the phone.

"Hello?" she asked.

"Well, so you're alive, are you? We thought perhaps you had done something rash, Lily and I. Say, what's the idea of running out on us like this? Come, explain yourself!" It was Ronald, and a warm wave of reassurance passed over her, to think that he should seek her, in spite of all.

"Why I—ah—" she stammered.

"Come on now, tell the truth," he insisted. "Why did you?"

"Well, I received a note from the Board, you see, dismissing me from the Home, and I was just so 'down-in-the-mouth' I decided to give up all my friends and not become intimate with anyone again."

"Now, did I deserve that?" chided Ronald. Madeline laughed, but the laugh was perilously close to tears.

"Well, perhaps not, but you cannot imagine how terrible it all was, first to be accused of something I never did, and then to be practically put out on the street. My first instinct was to run and hide somewhere away from everybody."

"And you did; I know. You never were one to pester others with your troubles, but I do wish you would trust me."

"I do, but—" Suddenly a wave of doubt and uncertainty undermined her former feeling of reassurance.

"But what?"

"Well, you've been very kind to me, and I—"

"See here! What is this? Can I come to see you to-night? I'll have to straighten out whatever it is that's troubling you."

"I don't know, Ron. You see, it's this way; your position is so far above mine, I am afraid it would not be the best thing for our friendship to continue. Frankly, we are not of the same class."

"Madeline! What are you saying? Listen; will you come to lunch with me? I dare not wait until

evening. You might turn sour on me by that time. I can't see what's come over you."

"Well, I've been having so many reverses, that I've become distrustful of happiness, and I'm only trying to shield myself from any further pain. I believe it's best that way."

"And you won't come to lunch with me?"

"I don't know—"

"Please do!"

"Well I—"

"Listen, Madeline, have I ever hurt you in any way?"

"Why no, Ron. You've always been the soul of kindness."

"Well, then, you're not going to let me down like this, are you? I must see you this noon."

"Very well, then. Where?"

"I'll be down at the door of your building."

So she went with him to a quiet, dainty tea room, where they had a table to themselves in an alcove, and the food was tempting and delicious. And they spoke while they ate, long and intimately, and while nothing was said about a closer attachment, yet each felt that this trouble of Madeline's had drawn them very close to each other, and when she went back to her office, she felt very happy again, her cares having all been talked away, and her confidence in mankind restored.

When it was time to go home that evening, as she stepped out of the elevator on the ground-floor, she came face to face with Lily herself. The girl grabbed Madeline and kissed her warmly, and her eyes were suspiciously moist.

"Now listen here, girl-friend," said Lily, characteristically, "what did you think you were trying to pull on Ronald and me? Was that the way to treat us? Why you had us both frantic, wondering what had become of you. I tried to get you at the office this morning, but they said you were taking dictation, and after that I was busy, so I couldn't phone again." So Madeline had to recount once again her experiences of the evening before, and nothing would do, but Madeline must go with Lily for supper, and go they did, and then Lily wanted to see the new boarding place, and said she did not know, but she felt very much like moving out of the Home and getting a room with Madeline; but unfortunately, Mrs. Rowe, the landlady, had no more rooms to let, so Lily had to let the matter ride. The landlady promised, however, to let her know the moment she had a vacant room. Lily stayed until 7:30, when the doorbell rang, and Ronald came, and of course, being the friend she was, she did not wish to intrude, and so, went home.

And Madeline felt very happy and rich in two such friends, and the weight was beginning to lift from her heart, when one day, out of a blue sky, the thing she had been fearing most, happened. It was ten o'clock of a fine, crisp morning two weeks after the ring incident, when Mrs. Haverworth, President of the Board of Patronesses, walked in and asked to see her employer, Mr. Boswick, whose wife also had an interest in the Home. Mrs. Haverworth was closeted with him for more than a half hour; Madeline trembled inward-

ly, fearing for her job, but the lady departed, and nothing happened—that day. But on the fifteenth, pay day, she found a small pink printed slip in her envelope, to the effect that her services were no longer needed, etc., etc., that if in future more help was needed, they would be glad to call on her, etc., etc. A printed form that was used to dismiss employees supposedly in a polite, painless manner.

That night Ronald found her calm, but the agony in her eyes was heartbreaking. He knew at once that something was wrong, and lost no time in asking about it.

"I called you up at your office to-day, and they said that you were no longer with them. Is that true?"

"It is, Ron. I've been, in plain words, fired."

"But why?"

"I suppose it's because I'm getting notorious."

"No! Don't tell me that old Boswick fell for a lot of gossip?"

"He couldn't help it. The President of the Board herself came to see him and warn him for his own good."

"Well, I'm a dill pickle!" ejaculated Ronald. "One would think that he'd have more sense than to listen to a lot of—"

"Wait, Ron; you know that Mr. Haverworth buys all his paper stock from Boswick? She may have threatened to transfer the business elsewhere, unless he dismissed me."

"Yes, I know her well; she is captain of the ship in their house. I can well understand how Boswick fell for her threat. He could not afford to lose all that business for a petty stenographer. You are nothing to him; what difference if you are thrown out of a job? Well, I'll find you a position! And in Dad's own office, too. You'll see!" And Ronald waxed hot and angry, denouncing the injustice and hard-heartedness of some employers.

He was as good as his word, and in a week, Madeline was sitting at a desk in Westover Steel, Inc's offices, all elegantly fitted with mahogany desks and soft carpets underfoot and silk drapes at the high, airy windows—and at a higher salary than before.

"Well! How do you like it?" asked Ronald, sitting on the corner of her desk on the second morning of her occupancy.

"Ron, it's wonderful! And I am going to work so hard! I will show your father that you can pick good stenographers!"

"Fine! Fine!" laughed Ron. "I'll bet that if we left you here long enough, you would soon take over the presidency, and then Dad would be out of a job. I really think you have it in you."

"Do you? Thanks. Is that a prediction or a prophecy?"

"Both—" and then he leaned over close. "But I'm going to see that it never gets that far," he murmured, and then was gone.

After he had walked away a few steps, he turned around and laughed roguishly at Madeline, who was still watching him, puzzled as to what he had meant by those words. Her heart was thrilled by his possible

meaning, but she quickly squelched that by telling herself not to be silly, and simply gave Ronald a friendly smile and returned vigorously to work. In a few days, Miss Arnold, the superintendent over Madeline's department, expressed herself as being much pleased with the new girl's work, and told Ronald so. He, of course, was delighted, and lost no time in telling Madeline of it, feeling that she needed all the kind and appreciative words she could get after her recent trouble. No one here knew of the false accusation which had power to perpetrate all sorts of mischief if given a chance to spread, and he vowed that if he could prevent it, no one would ever hurt Madeline again.

Eileen, now feeling that her rival was safely removed, began a systematic campaign to regain Ronald for herself. She deluged him with invitations to luncheon and dinner and tea, boldly asked him to take her to various affairs given by their friends, and even enlisted her father's aid in inviting him to play golf, or go yachting over the week-end, and other schemes. He avoided her as much as he could, but sometimes he could not do otherwise than accept, without causing a breach between the two families. For his father and hers were cronies, and often discussed what a fine thing it would be if their children should take a liking to each other—not that either of them would have forced their children to take someone of *their* choice, but it would have pleased them very much indeed.

And so her father was delighted when she confided to him that she was in love with Ronald, and readily helped in all her schemes to have him a frequent visitor.

"I don't know of anything I would rather see happen," he told her fondly, "than for you two to marry."

(To be continued)

## The Pope's Encyclical

The recent Encyclical of Pope Pius XI embodies an idea that is, or should be, dear to the heart of every Catholic—namely, the unification of all the churches of the world—the return of our Protestant brethren and of Eastern Catholics to the True Fold. Are we all doing our bit to further this great project of our Holy Father's? There are many ways of doing this: The first is, of course, prayer, hearing Masses daily if possible, and receiving Holy Communion for this intention. This is one of the dear interests of the Sacred Heart, and He is much pleased if we pray for the furtherance of His own particular interests, forgetting for the moment our own selfish needs and desires. We ought all to love our Faith so dearly that anything that concerns it is of the deepest interest to us.

Another way to help, is to place Catholic literature where those of other faiths may pick it up and read it, for instance, on the cars and buses, in restaurants, rest rooms, clubs, waiting rooms, etc. There are many good Catholic magazines on the market. After these are read, they should never, never be thrown away! Pass them on where they will do the most good. Then, our church racks are all filled with the most interesting kinds of pamphlets and brochures. Make it a habit



to purchase at least one a week if not more, read them, and then casually leave them where someone else will find them. The sects have "tracts" printed and deliver them from door to door.

There are tactful ways of broaching Catholic subjects to Protestant friends in the course of conversation too — gently leading up to explanations of the True Faith, answering questions, settling doubts. Of course, in order to do this, we must be very well read ourselves, and never permit ourselves to be tripped up through ignorance of our own doctrines. A kind and friendly argument on religion, patiently explaining, never losing one's temper, will do much to wipe out prejudice. Of course, a religious argument in which both sides grow hot and intolerant gets no one anywhere. A certain religious brother is said to have over one hundred conversions to his credit, because he was unafraid to approach people on the subject. He even spoke to people on cars and buses on his pet subject, and his very earnestness got people interested. Another person, a girl of sixteen, had the habit of bringing her Protestant boy and girl friends to church with her. She has five conversions to her credit.

What are the subjects one ought to read up on in order to be able to answer a Protestant's objections? Ask one of them in a friendly way what they are, and jot them down. Then look them up and answer them. That is one way. A girl working in a business office often has many chances of influencing her fellow workers. One such girl is steadily making converts in her office. She is a Franciscan Tertiary and deeply interested in her Faith. What one can do, all can do.

### *St. Joseph Our Model*

In these days of intolerance and hasty marriages and divorce, the whole world would do well to take example from Joseph, the foster father of Jesus, whose feast we celebrate this month. God sets up laws and tells us what we shall and shall not do, but man, growing tired of the straight and narrow path, soon tears them down, and builds others more suited to his wayward nature. When our Lord said, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," it held for awhile, but by and by, man, growing extremely clever and puffed up said, "This is too much to expect of us," so proceeded to make easy laws to suit his own obstinacy. Our Lord, in being present at the marriage of Cana, gave to matrimony the dignity He wished it to have, but man has made of this august sacrament a lark, a matter of sudden impulse, or of gay experiment, and sometimes it is even rushed into on a dare or wager, the idea being that if unsatisfactory, the ties can always be severed.

Were our Lord to reveal to the world at large the hidden life of the Holy Family in the house of Nazareth, it would indeed gasp with amazement, and perhaps be ashamed. For in that house there were no bickerings, no arguments, no strife as to who should be "boss." In fact, the holy strife was the very opposite of pride and egotism. Joseph knowing his wife's holiness wished to defer to her in everything, feeling him-

self all unworthy to say the first word on any subject that concerned them or their home. Mary, on the other hand, equally humble, and attributing no excellence to herself, wished her husband to be the head of the house, desiring to show him all obedience and affection.

What a picture for the world to contemplate! What a sight for a divorce-torn world, where husband and wife hail each other into court, and there besmirch and defile each other in public, outraging all that should have been holy and sacred between them!

### *About Our Feet*

The bones of the foot are arranged in groups which are known as arches. There are four of them—first the inner longitudinal, running from the great toe to the heel bone, the transverse, which crosses the foot at the instep, the anterior metatarsal arch, which is the third bone, and the fourth, called the outer longitudinal, running from the little toe to the heel bone. These arches give the foot three bearing points which carry the body's weight and balance it when we walk. These points are: one at the great toe, one at the little toe, and one at the heel. The arches lie between and act as shock absorbers, protecting the delicate tissues beneath the bony structure.

The human foot is a wonderful structure. In it are 26 bones—52 in both feet, or one-fourth of all the bones in the body. There are also muscles, tendons, ligaments, nerves, blood vessels—a marvelous mechanism that coordinates when we stand or walk. When this arrangement, delicate as it is intricate, is abused in any way, it causes trouble, not only in the foot, but a corresponding disturbance in other parts of the body. For instance, a bad corn may radiate so much pain through the body as to cause nausea; a fallen arch is sometimes responsible for severe pains which are often mistaken for rheumatism, and flat feet can produce headaches, affect the sight, result in spinal curvature, and even be the reason for a poor complexion. Besides that, foot troubles invariably leave their mark upon the countenance, drawing lines of suffering which age one in appearance.

If the proper size and shape of shoe is always worn, one will have very little trouble with foot ills, but if modern fashion is followed too scrupulously, especially among the ladies, in time the penalty must be paid. If feet tire easily and ache constantly, and shoes feel better off than on, the trouble is most likely fallen arch. Flat foot is simply an aggravated case of fallen arch; the elasticity of the step is gone, and the longitudinal arch is flat. The circulation is impeded, and the feet are cold, clammy, sometimes numb. Pains extend up the legs, the back, and even the head, affecting the sight.

Sometimes an arch support relieves the trouble like magic; if not, then try a shoe a full size larger. Sometimes both are necessary. It is possible, however, today to obtain dainty shoes in a large enough size as not to cramp the toes, abuse the muscles and arch bones, and seriously impede the circulation. Constant

abuse in wearing too small a shoe will soon bring on various bodily ills that make life anything but enjoyable, and it is preferable to sacrifice a little something to permit the foot structure to live and breathe instead of being encased in excessively tiny, impossible shoes. If one chooses carefully, in a reputable shop, picking a soft-leather shoe, containing a built-in arch-support, even in a larger, more comfortable size, the foot will still have the appearance of being dainty and well-shod.

### Plenty of Sleep

If your child loves to sleep long, do not call it "sleepyhead" and yank it up in order that the beds may be made up on schedule time. Of course, during schooltime, it is necessary to get the children up at an early hour in order that they may be on time, but if the child has difficulty in rising in the mornings, the reason is as plain as day—it is not getting a sufficient amount of sleep for its needs. In order to make up for the sleeping time it misses in the mornings, the mother should insist on an earlier retiring hour in the evening. The child that has plenty of sleep will rise willingly in the morning, and will have quiet, steady nerves; it will not be cross and temperamental, but sweet and smiling.

According to statistics which have been gathered, it has been found that many children nowadays are getting far too little sleep, due to the habits of the parents in having company who stay very late, going out to gatherings several times a week and overstepping the children's sleeping hour, and attending shows which keep them up too late. We deplore the fact that people of our modern day are keyed up to too high a pitch, that nervous disorders are too prevalent, that our mental sanatoriums are far too crowded. Why? In most cases, the initial causes of all these sad disorders may be traced back to insufficient rest and sleep.

Small children are allowed to remain up because there is company in the house, or because the parents have taken them out, and as they grow up, this becomes so habitual, that the bedtime hour of a great many children is never any earlier than ten or eleven o'clock at night. Sometimes even later. Due to the present treatment of the home as a mere sleeping and eating place, with as few hours spent there as possible, it is a problem for either children or parents to get the required amount of sleep. And in most average homes, it is practically impossible for a child to sleep when there is a vociferous card party or club meeting going on one or more times a week, since the home is usually too small and compact to allow of a quiet sleeping place where the sounds of the party might not reach.

In most cases, it has been found, the hours of sleep obtained by children in the elementary schools are far below the necessary amount advised by eminent physicians, so it behooves parents, (who must remember that the children of to-day are the parents of to-morrow,) to see that they secure for their little ones a heritage of steady, healthy nerves; for many a life has been ruined by a nervous state brought on in childhood through unwise handling, and as the child grows

older and responsibilities increase, this nervous disorder grows and becomes aggravated, sometimes with serious consequences. Every child should have from eight to ten hours sleep nightly, and the retiring hour should be regular as clockwork, and never deviated from for any reason whatsoever. And what goes for the child goes as well for the grown-up, for, according to physicians, most people nowadays are getting far less sleep than they should have.

### Household Hints

If electric bulbs are greasy from being in the kitchen, they must be washed with soap, but the cloth must be well squeezed out so that no water drops may run down upon the brass part; then rinse with another cloth wrung out of clean water, dry and polish at once.

Use as little water as possible in cooking vegetables. It is better to boil down the liquid than to pour it off.

If a cold compress is needed and no ice is at hand, wet the cloth, but do not wring too tightly, then swing back and forth through the air, fold and place upon the patient. It will be very cold.

It is a good idea to have a box with the various pastel dyes down in the laundry. Then, on wash day, all the lingerie may be easily dipped in its respective colors after washing, and always look well.

Fold buttons, clasps and hooks inwards so as to form a cushion before putting garment through the wringer.

Remove saltspoons from the salt at the end of each meal, otherwise they will become coated with verdigris, which is poisonous.

If you have mislaid your bodkin, a safety pin stuck through the ribbon or tape and then closed, will work quite as well.

### Recipes

**PEANUT BUTTERSCOTCH:** Put one pound of sugar into a hot, iron frying pan and stir vigorously until it is melted, being careful not to burn it. Have ready three-quarters of a pound of freshly roasted peanuts, shelled and skinned, throw them in, stir rapidly a minute, then turn into a buttered pan and when cool, mark off in square bars.

**EGGPLANT CASSEROLE:** Take eggplant, peel, and cut across in quarter-inch slices. Place slices on a plate, on top of each other, covering with another plate and an iron on top of that, to press out the juice. Then dip into flour and fry each slice. Place into casserole a layer of eggplant, a layer of lamb or other left-over meat cut up, salt and pepper, and a layer of sliced tomatoes. Repeat until casserole is filled, the last layer being eggplant. Pour over a cupful of gravy and bake in a moderate oven for 50 minutes.

**FOR THE COOKIE JAR:** Cream  $\frac{2}{3}$  cup shortening with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar. Add 1 beaten egg, 1 cup molasses, 1 tablespoon vinegar, and 2 tablespoons cold water. Sift together  $4\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour, 2 teaspoons soda and 2 teaspoons ginger. Add gradually to first mixture, roll out, cut in desired shapes and bake 10 to 12 minutes in moderate oven.

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## + Dr. Helen's Consulting Room +

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.

**Dr. H.**—"We will continue our talk about hair. Let us consider that little patch of skin, not a foot square that we call the scalp. It contains about one thousand hair follicles or roots to the square inch and every follicle has a sebaceous or oil gland connected with it. There are sweat glands besides, and this structure is spread over the skull with only a padding of fibrous tissue between, that carries the nerves and blood vessels. The blood supply is not very rich. It leaves the heart by the same stroke as the blood for all the upper extremities, but it is one of the last stations on the line."

**Mrs. C.**—"Well, there gets a lot of blood there all right. When my little boy had his head cut, I never saw any thing like the way it bled. We had to send for the doctor. He said right there in the house that it wasn't as bad as it looked, and that scalp wounds always bled hard."

**Dr. H.**—"That is true, but the reason is not the great supply of blood but the fact that the fibrous tissue, in which the blood vessels are embedded, prevent them from collapsing so that a blood clot may form. The doctor made pressure which was easily done with the hard skull underneath, and that stopped it at once."

**Mrs. C.**—"Well, he did something that stopped it."

**Mr. R.**—"Now what are you telling us all about the scalp and the bleeding, when you only need tell us about the hair falling?"

**Dr. H.**—"I suppose I might as well not tell you about these things, but I thought you would like to know something about your scalp, so you would take better care of it."

**Mr. R.**—"You are like a boy going to jump that goes back a way, and takes a run to it. You're always going back so far that we hardly know what you're going to jump at."

**Dr. H.**—"Well, the boy that takes a run to it jumps further than the one that takes a standing jump."

**Mr. R.**—"I suppose they do, but what would you do for falling hair?"

**Dr. H.**—"We are coming to that. If we wish to have good hair, we must keep the scalp healthy and active. Now that you are acquainted with this patch of skin called the scalp, with its hair follicles or roots and its glands studding it all over, you can easily see that if you do not keep it in good condition you cannot expect a good crop of hair."

**Mr. R.**—"Are you going to write that man all the stuff you are telling us, when he just asked you a simple question about his hair falling out?"

**Dr. H.**—"No, this talk is just for my particular friends. I will write the man this letter:—

Dear Sir:

In answer to yours on falling hair, the following care will be found very successful, if carried out faithfully and over a long period of time:

**Care of hair:** Wash every week in warm water, using the yolk of an egg instead of soap, and rinse thoroughly.

**Massage:** Massage the scalp daily, using the fingers of both hands and making firm pressure.

**Movement:** Slip the fingers into the hair and move the scalp gently about, going over it all carefully several times.

**Application:** If the hair remains harsh and dry after all this treatment, you may use the following:

Oil of cade ..... 2 drams;

Lanolin ..... 2 drams;

Vaseline ..... 1½ ounces;

Mix and apply once a week during massage.

**Mr. R.**—"Now will that cure a person? I don't mean all that about rubbing the head, and jerking yourself by the hair, but the medicine. Is that a sure cure for the hair?"

**Dr. H.**—"It is a very good application, but the other things that you despise are very important too. In fact they are so important that they prevent falling and turning gray in many cases without any application at all."

**Mr. R.**—"Well, if a person has to go through with that job, and over a long time as you say, they might as well let their hair go and be done with it."

**Dr. H.**—"I suspect there will be a good many of your mind, but, after all, the care of the hair only takes a few minutes every day, and it is a very nice thing to have a good head of hair. However, we must also remember that the general health has much to do with our hair, or, in other words, the hair is quite an index to our general condition, and it is always well to consider the general health when the hair becomes thin and brittle. The advice of a doctor on the health of a person is often of more importance than the kind of hair tonics they use. Run-down conditions, showing in anaemia and nervousness, are often the cause of falling and graying hair."

**Mr. R.**—"I'm not sure that I don't know less about hair than when you started."

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**Mother**—"Your face is clean, but how'd you get your hands so dirty?"

**Small Son**—"Washin' my face."

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**Teacher**—"Johnny, what's the difference between a battle and a massacre?"

**Johnny**—"A battle is where a whole lot of whites kill a few Indians, and a massacre is where a whole lot of Indians kill a few whites."

---

**Little Rastus** was so black that his companions nicknamed him "Midnight."

"Hello, Midnight!" shouted Sammy, who was but a shade lighter himself.

"Aw, go on, boy!" replied Rastus, "you all got nothin' on me. You're haf-past leben youself."



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